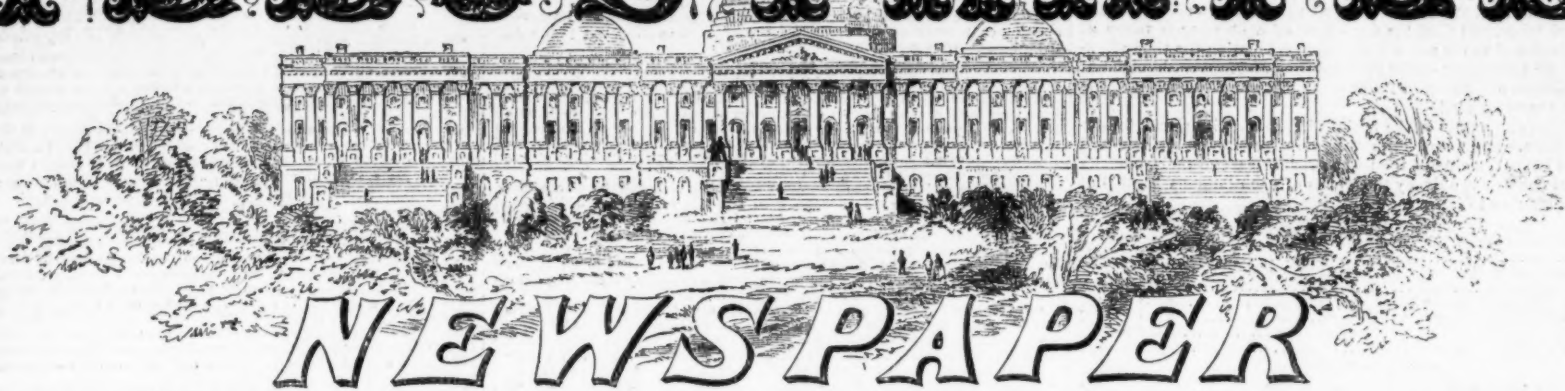


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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TO OUR ADVERTISERS!

We cannot refrain from taking advantage of the commencement of a new volume of our ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and the approach of a New Year, to address a few lines to the many patrons of our Advertising Department. We desire to remind them that FRANK LESLIE'S is the only Illustrated Paper that has ever reached a weekly circulation of

140,000 Copies,

and which constantly enjoys a brilliant paying circulation. There can be no better medium than our columns afford for advertising, and thus making known whatever is intended to reach families, either in household articles, books or novelties of every description. We afford but little space to advertising, which renders the medium more valuable, and during these Holiday times our advertising friends would do well to send in their favors. Our Seventh Volume shall not be behind its predecessors in all the elements of a great paper.

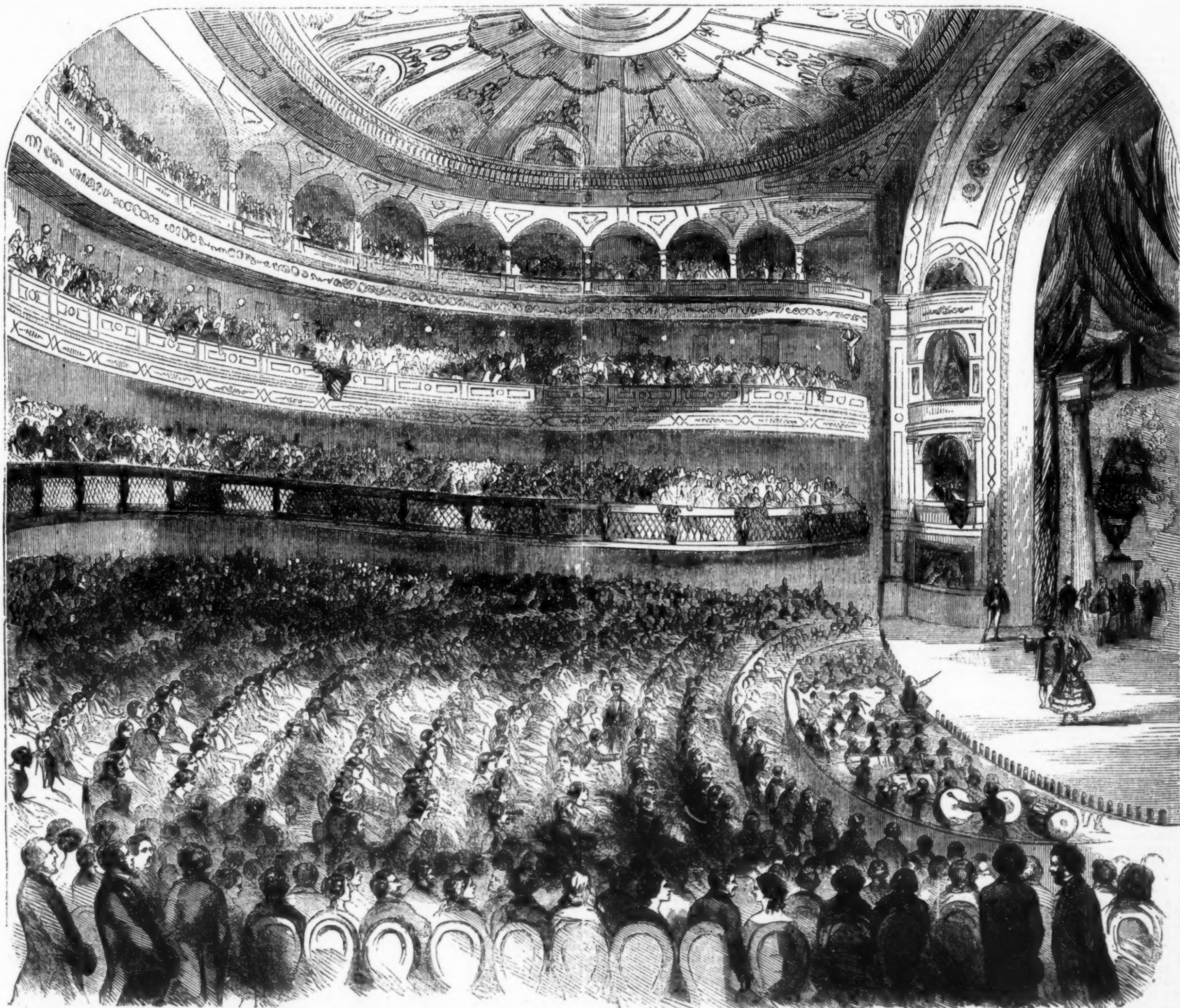
THE TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

We have already given, in our preceding number, some illustrations of scenes and localities upon this the most recently opened of all the Isthmian Transit Routes, and we now continue our correspondent's sketches with a view of the starting of the first overland train from Suchil to the Pacific coast.

We also engrave a map which conveys at a glance a view of the three great Transit Routes, and enables the advantages to be compared. The lines via Panama and Nicaragua have, as is sufficiently well known, been established for five or six years, although that via Nicaragua is now closed, having been broken up by the filibuster Walker in 1856. The Panama route, although the farthest from our own shores, has hitherto enjoyed the greatest amount of traffic, owing to the accomplishment of a railway line from sea to sea; but the Tehuantepec line bids fair—if its managers are able to sustain their present position—to prove an active competitor. Beside these the line across Honduras, first proposed by the Hon. E. G. Squier, will probably be commenced in the course of 1859.

The Tehuantepec Company was formed some six years ago in Louisiana, and was the subject of a treaty with Mexico, on the 30 of December, 1853, which secures to the citizens of the United States a right of transit over it for their persons and merchandise, and stipulates that neither government shall "interpose any obstacle" thereto. It also concedes to the United States the "right to transport across the Isthmus, in closed bags, the mails of the United States not intended for distribution along the line of the communication; also the effects of the United States Government and its citizens which may be intended for transit, and not for distribution the Isthmus, free of custom-house or other charges by the Mexican Government."

Various obstacles of a temporary nature interfered with the speedy fulfillment of the plans entertained by the proposers of this route, but additional activity was brought to bear upon it in the beginning of this year, and it was determined to open at least a carriage road from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as a preparatory step towards the construction of the railroad.



THE NEW BOSTON THEATRE DURING THE PERFORMANCES OF MDLLE PICCOLINI.—SEE NEXT P. GE.

The great advantage enjoyed by this route over all the others is its proximity to the United States; and this advantage counterbalances in some measure the disadvantages arising from lack of harbor accommodation at either end of the land-line. The only other line which can at all compete with it as regards nearness to this country is that via Honduras, which, nevertheless, lies to the south-west of the jutting peninsula of Yucatan, and is more favorably situated for vessels coming from Europe than for those from our own ports in the Gulf. We annex some tabular statements of distance, which afford a comparison between the three lines via Tehuantepec, Nicaragua and Panama, premising that the distances are expressed in nautical miles, and that the day's run of a steamer is taken at two hundred and thirty miles, and that in estimating the time allowance is made for coaling on the long voyages, and for transshipment at either Isthmus, according to its advantages, when the plan of improvement is completed.

With these explanations, the table is herewith given, and, following the table, some remarks on the present condition and use, and projected improvements of the three great lines, and their capacity for improvement, not only by the works of each Isthmus itself, but in the approaches to it:

On the Atlantic side.	MILES.	DAYS.
From New Orleans across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to Ventosa.....	956	4 3/4
From New Orleans across the Isthmus of Nicaragua to St. Juan del Sur.....	1,430	7 1/4
From New Orleans across the Isthmus of Panama to Panama.....	1,453	6 3/4
From New York via Tehuantepec to Ventosa.....	2,453	9 3/4
From New York via Nicaragua to St. Juan del Sur.....	2,182	10 3/4
From New York via Panama to Panama.....	2,045	9 3/4

On the Pacific side.	MILES.	DAYS.
From Ventosa, Isthmus of Tehuantepec, to San Francisco.....	2,115	9 3/4
From St. Juan del Sur, Isthmus of Nicaragua, to San Francisco.....	2,670	11 3/4
From Panama, Isthmus of Panama, to San Francisco.....	3,210	14
From San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands.....	2,040	9
From San Francisco to Sydney, Australia.....	6,375	29
From San Francisco to Shanghai, China.....	5,460	25
From San Francisco to Hong Kong, China.....	6,060	27
From Ventosa to Acapulco, Mexico.....	270	1 1/4

The following table presents the entire distance between port and port:

From New York	MILES.	DAYS.
To San Francisco, via Tehuantepec.....	4,168	18 3/4
To San Francisco, via Nicaragua.....	4,582	22
To San Francisco, via Panama.....	5,255	23
To Valparaiso, via Tehuantepec.....	5,263	23
To Valparaiso, via Nicaragua.....	4,942	22 3/4
To Valparaiso, via Panama.....	4,625	20 3/4
To Sydney, Australia, via Tehuantepec.....	9,103	41
To Sydney, Australia, via Nicaragua.....	9,532	44
To Sydney, Australia, via Panama.....	9,770	44
To Shanghai, via Tehuantepec and San Francisco.....	9,628	44
To Shanghai, via Tehuantepec direct.....	9,538	43
To Shanghai, via Panama and San Francisco.....	10,715	49
To Shanghai, via Panama direct.....	10,640	48

From New Orleans	MILES.	DAYS.
To San Francisco, via Tehuantepec.....	3,071	14
To San Francisco, via Nicaragua.....	4,100	19
To San Francisco, via Panama.....	4,668	21
To Valparaiso, via Tehuantepec.....	4,166	18 3/4
To Valparaiso, via Nicaragua.....	4,190	19
To Valparaiso, via Panama.....	4,038	18
To Sydney, Australia, via Tehuantepec.....	8,006	36 3/4
To Sydney, Australia, via Nicaragua.....	8,780	41
To Sydney, Australia, via Panama.....	9,183	42

From these figures it will be seen that the Tehuantepec Route has considerable advantage in proximity both to New Orleans and to San Francisco; and although the disadvantage to which we have alluded—that of unsafe anchorages on both sides of the Isthmus—detracts from the usefulness of the Transit, the first passages have been made with much celerity. On the Pacific side there is no harbor, properly speaking, the open port of Ventosa ("The Windy") being nothing but an open roadstead, exposed to the frightful north-west hurricanes which take their name from the little town of Tehuantepec, fifteen miles distant; but the Company propose at some future time to construct a breakwater for the protection of the anchorage; and on the Atlantic side the difficulties are far greater. The entrance to the Coatzacoalcos River is by a channel only some one hundred and fifty feet broad, in which the greatest depth of water found by Commodore Perry was twelve feet, and outside the channel the water shoals rapidly to eleven, ten and nine feet; and even this depth is practically reduced one-half by the action of the northern gales, prevalent during many months of the year, which lash the current of the river into waves of five to seven feet from trough to crest in ordinary weather; and this, when deducted from the total depth, leaves not sufficient water to float a sea-going vessel or steamer. In fact, Lieutenant-Colonel George W. Hughes, of the United States Topographical Engineers, states that he has seen thirty ships stranded in a single norther in the month of March.

(Concluded on page 39.)

THE BOSTON THEATRE.

This magnificent edifice, at which the New York favorite, Mdle. Piccolomini, is now performing, was erected in 1853-54, and was opened on the 2d of September in the latter year. Its establishment was the result of efforts directed to that end by a few of the leading merchants, and although it has seldom been a pecuniary success, there is no question that its influence has been very beneficial in improving the theatrical taste of the Puritan city, by affording to enlightened theatre-goers a place of amusement worthy even of a European capital, both as regards its great size and the splendor of its decorations. The builders of the Boston Theatre wisely abstained from any useless expenditure in the exterior of the building. A passer in Washington street notices an unpretending facade resembling somewhat a tasteful dwelling-house front, with a doorway occupying the entire breadth. An inclined passage, some fifty feet long, leads to the vestibule of the theatre, on reaching which the magnificent auditorium becomes visible. The auditorium is one of the largest in the world, and the most convenient in America, so far as sight is concerned; its acoustic arrangements are rather defective. It is about ninety feet in diameter, and circular in form, save that it slightly flattens in the direction of the stage. The distance from the curtain to the parquet is eighty-four feet; the height of the auditorium is nearly sixty feet, and the front of the stage projects into it about eighteen feet. On either side of the stage are richly draped proscenium boxes. The chairs in the parquet and balcony have iron frames, and are cushioned with leather in the back, seat and arms, the seats being so balanced as to rise to a perpendicular position when not in use, thus affording greater standing room, as in our own Academy of Music, in which more space, however, is allotted to each sitter than in the Boston Theatre. The ceiling is painted in fresco with great taste; and the walls are tinted with a warm rose color, great objections having been made to the dull red which was the first color they received. The theatre will accommodate from 3,500 to 4,000 persons.

It is now, as it has been from its opening, under the management of the veteran Thomas Barry, who deserves the utmost gratitude of the lovers of theatricals in Boston, for his perseverance in maintain-

ing a theatre of the highest class under great difficulties. Like most servants and benefactors of the public, however, his reward has not been commensurate with his services.

The performances of Mdle. Piccolomini were commenced at this theatre on Thursday evening, December 9th, with the opera of the "Traviata."

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President commenced by congratulating the country upon the improved appearance it presented, and contrasted the agitation existing last year with the present. With regard to

Kansas.

he said: "This is now a well established position, and the proceedings of the last session were alone wanting to give it practical effect. The principle has been recognized in some form or other, by an almost unanimous vote of both Houses of Congress, that a Territory has a right to come into the Union either as a Free or a Slave State, according to the will of a majority of its people. The just equality of all the States has thus been indicated, and a fruitful source of dangerous dissension among them has been removed."

"While such has been the beneficial tendency of your legislative proceedings outside of Kansas, their influence has been nowhere so happy as within that Territory itself. Left to manage and control its own affairs in its own way, without the pressure of external influence, the revolutionary Topeka organization, and all resistance to the Territorial Government established by Congress, have been finally abandoned. As a natural consequence, that fine Territory now appears to be tranquil and prosperous, and is attracting increasing thousands of immigrants to make it their happy home."

"It is not probable, in the present state of the case, that a third Constitution can be lawfully framed and presented to Congress by Kansas, before its population shall have reached the designated number. Nor is it to be presumed that, after their sad experience in resisting the Territorial laws, they will attempt to adopt the Constitution in express violation of the provisions of an act of Congress. During the session of 1856, much of the time of Congress was occupied on the question of admitting Kansas under the Topeka Constitution. Again, nearly the whole of the last session was devoted to the question of its admission under the Leecompton Constitution. Surely it is not unreasonable to require the people of Kansas to wait before making a third attempt, until the number of their inhabitants shall amount to nearly three thousand four hundred and twenty. During this brief period, the harmony of the States, as well as the great business interests of the country, demand that the people of the Union wait not for a third time to be convulsed by another agitation on the Kansas question. By waiting for a short time, and acting in obedience to law, Kansas will glide into the Union without the slightest impediment."

Utah.

Of Utah affairs he is more prolix; we are sorry to add that, for a chief magistrate to put on record the sentiments he does is perfectly amazing; he recapitulates all the beastly atrocities of these wretches, and then coolly adds that order reigns in Utah. The following is a strange state of confusion and weakness. After alluding to the villainies of these Mormons, he says that he sent troops and generals to put an end to their infamies. He then gravely, almost approvingly, relates that these Mormon beasts burnt ten wagons of government supplies, and acted a little worse than foreign enemies; nevertheless, he adds that his Governor arrived there and was excellently treated.

"These gentlemen conducted themselves to my entire satisfaction, and rendered useful services in executing the humane intentions of the Government. It also affords me great satisfaction to state that Governor Cumming has performed his duty in an able and conciliatory manner, and with the happiest effect. I cannot, in this connection, refrain from mentioning the valuable services of Col. Thomas L. Kane, who, from motives of pure benevolence, and without any official character or pecuniary compensation, visited Utah during the last inclement winter, for the purpose of contributing to the pacification of the Territory."

"I am happy to inform you that the Governor and other civil officers of Utah are now performing their appropriate functions without resistance. The authority of the Constitution and the laws has been fully restored, and peace prevails throughout the Territory."

A President who can be satisfied with such a result reminds us of the man who said, "I admire his politeness, but why did he kick me down stairs?"

China.

His Excellency is still less explicit here. He says: "You were informed by my last annual Message that our Minister had been instructed to occupy a neutral position in the hostilities conducted by Great Britain and France against Canton. He was, however, at the same time directed to co-operate cordially with the British and French Ministers, in all peaceful measures, to secure by treaty those just concessions to foreign commerce which the nations of the world had a right to demand. It was impossible for me to proceed further than this on my own authority, without usurping the war making power which, under the Constitution, belongs exclusively to Congress."

"Seeing, after a careful examination of the nature and extent of our grievances, I did not believe they were of such a pressing and aggravated character as would have justified Congress in declaring war against the Chinese Empire without first making another earnest attempt to adjust them by peaceful negotiation. I was the more inclined to this opinion because of the severe chastisement which had then but recently been inflicted upon the Chinese by our squadron, in the capture and destruction of the Barrier forts, to avenge an alleged insult to our flag."

"The event has proved the wisdom of our neutrality. Our Minister has executed his instructions with eminent skill and ability. In conjunction with the Russian Plenipotentiary, he has peacefully but effectually co-operated with the English and French Plenipotentiaries, and each of the four Powers has concluded a separate treaty with China of a highly satisfactory character. The treaty concluded by our own Plenipotentiary will be immediately submitted to the Senate."

Cuba.

He here rehearses what everybody knows, that, owing to the unfortunate fact that Cuba is in possession of Spain, the slave trade remains in full flourish, and that the British outrages in the Gulf proceeded from this unfortunate fact. The President, however, omitted to state that the reason why the United States did not take Cuba was that the Queen of Spain was a pet of the Pope, and, consequently, he was afraid of the Irish vote. He should never "forget to remember" that the least loyal to our American Constitution is the Catholic Irishman. We are, therefore, glad to know that the Tammany noodles have received a lesson from the Irish Democracy last week, when a nigger Republican was elected to spite Mr. Purser, who was not an "Irishman and a Papist!"

Great Britain.

He does justice to the candor with which Great Britain met the vexed question of right of search. Our own opinion is that England has not abandoned the right; it has been merely put in abeyance until a more convenient time arises. Everything, however, proves the fact that, so long as Cuba remains a possession of Spain, slavery will always be an existing evil, and chances of collision will exist between England and America. The violent disruption of Cuba from Spain by the American Government would meet with the approbation of the civilized world. It is a disgrace to us that we have not yet done it. Mr. Buchanan, therefore, very properly states his case against Spain with considerable force.

Spain.

What is said on this head resembles more the tone of a declaration of war than a pacific message. Mr. Buchanan more reflects upon himself than the perpetrators when he says:

"No American citizen can now visit Mexico on lawful business without imminent danger to his person and property. There is no adequate protection to either; and in this respect our treaty with that republic is almost a dead letter. But there is another view of our relations with Mexico, arising from the unhappy condition of affairs along our south-western frontier, which demands immediate action. In that remote region, where there are but few white inhabitants, large bands of hostile and predatory Indians roam promiscuously over the Mexican States of Chihuahua and Sonora, and our adjoining Territories. The local governments of these States are perfectly helpless, and are kept in a state of constant alarm by the Indians. They have not the power, if they possessed the will, even to restrain lawless Mexicans from passing the border and committing depredations on our remote settlers. A state of anarchy and violence prevails throughout that distant frontier. The laws are a dead letter, and life and property are wholly insecure. For this reason the settlement of Arizona is arrested, whilst it is of great importance that a chain of inhabitants should extend all along its southern border, sufficient for their own protection and that of the United States mail passing to and from California. Well-founded apprehensions are now entertained that the Indians, and wandering Mexicans equally lawless, may break up the important stage and postal communication recently established between our Atlantic and Pacific possessions. This passes very near to the Mexican boundary, throughout the whole length of Arizona. I can imagine no possible remedy for these evils, and no mode of restoring law and order on that remote and unsettled frontier, but for the Government of the United States to assume a temporary protectorate over the northern portions of Chihuahua and Sonora, and to establish military posts within the same; and this is earnestly recommended to Congress. This project may be withdrawn as soon as local governments shall be established in these Mexican States, capable of performing their duties to the United States, restraining the lawless and preserving peace along the border."

"I do not doubt that this measure will be viewed in a friendly spirit by the Governments and people of Chihuahua and Sonora, as it will prove equally effective for the protection of their citizens on that remote and lawless frontier, as for citizens of the United States."

Paraguay.

A very important item in our national balance sheet, since an expedition has sailed to bring war against it, is thus treated:

"In compliance with these enactments I have appointed a Commissioner, who has proceeded to Paraguay with full powers and instructions to settle these differences in an amicable and peaceful manner, if this be practicable. His experience and discretion justify the hope that he may prove successful in convincing the Paraguayan Government that it is due both to honor and justice that they should voluntarily and promptly make atonement for the wrongs

which they have committed against the United States, and indemnify our injured citizens whom they have forcibly despoiled of their property."

"Should our Commissioner prove unsuccessful, after a sincere and earnest effort to accomplish the object of his mission, then no alternative will remain but the employment of force to obtain 'just satisfaction' from Paraguay. In view of this contingency the Secretary of the Navy, under my direction, has fitted out and despatched a naval force to rendezvous near Buenos Ayres, which, it is believed, will prove sufficient for the occasion. It is my earnest desire, however, that it may not be found necessary to resort to this last alternative."

Central America.

After stating the case with great candor the President says: "Under these circumstances I earnestly recommend to Congress the passage of an act authorizing the President, under such restrictions as they may deem proper, to employ the land and naval forces of the United States in preventing the transit from being obstructed or closed by lawless violence, and in protecting the lives and property of American citizens traveling thereupon, requiring at the same time that these forces shall be withdrawn the moment the danger shall have passed away. Without such a provision our citizens will be constantly exposed to interruption in their progress, and to lawless violence."

Our space will not allow us to give any more of this strange document, which is more calculated to depress us in the eyes of the world than any other document since "Who killed Cock Robin?" was given to human eyes. As an additional proof, if any were required, we have only to append what he says about

Postage.

"The Postmaster-General is placed in a most embarrassing position by the existing laws. He is obliged to carry these into effect. He has no other alternative. He finds, however, that this cannot be done without heavy demands upon the Treasury over and above what is received for postage; and these have been progressively increasing from year to year, until they amounted, for the last fiscal year ending on the 30th June, 1858, to more than four millions and a half of dollars; whilst it is estimated that for the present fiscal year, they will amount to \$6,390,000. These sums are exclusive of the annual appropriation of \$700,000 for 'compensation for the mail service performed for the two Houses of Congress, and the other departments and officers of the Government in the transportation of free mail matter.'"

Was there ever such nonsense? The army and navy are not half so necessary or as useful, and yet not a word is said about what they cost.

Conclusion.

We cannot afford any more space to this most lamentable exhibition of Washingtonian verbiage.

Congressional Summary.

The Second Session of the Thirty-fifth Congress commenced on the 6th December, when about fifty senators answered to their names, and nearly two hundred and ten members of the House of Representatives. After the usual formalities, the President's Message was delivered to, perhaps, a less attentive audience than has ever been assembled on a similar occasion. This was principally owing to the fact that everybody knows the sceptre has departed from Judah James Buchanan, and that he has to depend upon his play for his power.

Senate.—Previous to the delivery of the Message, Mr. Mason, of Virginia, gave notice of his intention to call up on Tuesday the case of the Spanish slave Amistad. Objection was made by various Senators to this claim being singled out, and a vote on the question was called for, which resulted in permission to call up the claim being accorded. After the reading of the Message, Mr. Hale occupied the attention of the Senate until the adjournment, in characteristic comments upon certain portions of it. In the House, after the selection of seats, Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, introduced a bill to amend the act establishing the Court of Claims. Mr. Curtis, of Iowa, introduced a bill for the construction of a Central Pacific Railroad. Mr. Dewart, of Pennsylvania, asked leave to introduce a resolution instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to prepare a bill for the amendment of the Tariff act, but objection was made, and the House refused to suspend the rules. The Message was then read, and referred to the Committee of the Whole.

Several important changes have occurred in both Houses of Congress since the adjournment in June last. In the Senate, the death of Mr. Henderson, of Texas, has created a vacancy, which has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Matthew Ward. The Hon. James Chesnut was recently selected by the Legislature of South Carolina to fill the place of the Hon. A. P. Hayne. Mr. Clingman is the new Senator from North Carolina. In the House, the Chairmanship of three most important Committees has been made vacant by the death of Gen. Quitman, of Mississippi, and Mr. Harris, of Illinois, and by the resignation of Mr. J. Glancy Jones, of Pennsylvania, the Committees of Ways and Means, on Elections and on Military Affairs.

The unfinished work of the last Session is very considerable, and must necessarily occupy a great portion of the present one. Foremost in importance among this business are the bills for the construction of the Pacific Railroad and for the admission of Oregon. The first of these was postponed to an early day of this Session, and the last awaits the action of the House, having already passed the Senate.

Dec. 7.—Mr. Wilson gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill to appropriate one million acres of the public lands for the support of the free public schools of the District of Columbia.

Mr. Gwin moved to take up the Pacific Railroad bill, but Mr. Pearce objecting that the motion was not in order, Mr. Gwin notified the Senate that he would call it up at an early day.

Mr. Cameron gave notice of a motion for a pension to the widow of General Persifer Smith, and Mr. Seward gave a similar notice in behalf of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines.

Dec. 9.—Mr. Bright, of Indiana, offered a resolution that the Committee on Public Buildings inquire and report when the new Senate Chamber will be ready for occupancy. Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, gave notice of a motion for an early day to abolish the franking privilege, and substitute for it a commutation in money. Charles S. Jones was elected doorkeeper. A report was presented from the Secretary of State, communicating an abstract of the registered American seamen, which was ordered to be printed. A memorial was presented from the Legislature of Minnesota, asking for an appropriation for the improvement of the Mississippi and St. Croix rivers, and for land for railroads. Adjourned.

House of Representatives.—Mr. Keim, of Pennsylvania, in place of Mr. J. Glancy Jones, was sworn and took his seat.

The House took up the resolution requesting the President to take such steps as may in his judgment be best calculated to effect a speedy abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. This resolution was, at the last session, reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Ritchie (Pa.) moved to lay the resolution on the table. Negative!—90 against 63. The vote in favor was generally given by the Democrats, and against it by the Opposition.

The resolution was then referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union.

Mr. Billingshurst (Wis.) moved to reconsider the vote, by which Mr. Curtis's bill for a Central Pacific Railroad was referred to the Select Committee on the subject. He said that that committee, composed of gentlemen from various sections, had come to no conclusion, being divided in sentiment, and hence some other committee should have cognizance of the subject.

Mr. Curtis (Iowa) replied that no matter before the House was of more importance, and required a greater share of deliberation and argument. Although the committee were divided, there was almost a general concurrence that something ought to be done for a railroad; but when the subject of the route was brought up, they found themselves embarrassed. He did not despair of final success on the part of the Select Committee, but thought if they compromise on any route it will be on the Central route.

Mr. Billingshurst's motion was disagreed to—Yeas 48, noes not counted.

Mr. Otero (New Mexico) introduced a bill to grant lands to New Mexico, Kansas and Missouri, for railroads therein.

Mr. Bernhisel (Utah) offered a resolution which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the expediency of refunding to Utah the expenses incurred by said Territory in suppressing Indian hostilities in 1853; also instructing the same committee to inquire into the expediency of constructing a military road from Bridgeport to Salt Lake City.

Mr. Stevens (Washington) offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on the Military to inquire into the expediency of constructing a wagon road from Fort Arbuckle to Seattle, Puget's Sound, Washington Territory, and the survey of the Upper Missouri and Columbia Rivers, for military purposes. Adjourned.

Dec. 9.—The Speaker announced the Standing Committees.

Mr. Morris, of Illinois, gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill providing for the election of Governors and Judges by the people in the organized Territories. Also a bill to admit sugar and salt free of duty, and a bill to amend the naturalization laws.

The report of the Judiciary Committee in the case of Judge Watrous was then taken up. Mr. Ready, of Tennessee, wanted a postponement until Thursday, in order to enable the members to look into the case. After further debate, the House refused to postpone, and proceeded to the consideration of the subject.

Mr. Chapman, of Pennsylvania, remarked that two memorials had been sent to the House asking for the impeachment of Judge Watrous, of Texas, involving charges that he was secretly engaged in land speculation, showing a degree of official misconduct which admits of no excuse, and a gross exercise of his judicial powers. Not only did he arrange to sit in cases covering his own private interests, but to remove others to New Orleans, to be placed beyond the reach of Texas jurors and litigants.

Mr. TAPPAN, of New Hampshire, entered into a general defence of Watrous, relying upon the printed evidence for this purpose. Adjourned.

Outrage in Jersey City.—We understand there is no truth in the report of an attack upon one of the Persia's musicians at the Hudson Hotel, and which, it was stated, the sailing of that vessel the day after it was said to have occurred alone prevented Captain Judkins from inquiring into. Newspapers should be careful how they give currency to such reports.

A Case of Retribution.—Some twelve or fourteen years ago, says the Buffalo Commercial, Harlow Case was a respectable and esteemed citizen of Buffalo. He held the place of Assistant Postmaster under Mr. Dorheimer, and was for many years entrusted with the more important duties of the office. A member of one of the Baptist churches, up to that time in every walk of life, mar-

ried, and the father of a family, he seemed to be as firm in the straightforward path of duty as any other. Removing to Sandusky, Ohio, he received the appointment of Collector of that port, under Mr. Fillmore. The appointment was one universally approved, and the numerous friends of Case in this city were rejoiced at his success in life. While holding that office, he was intimate in the family of a Mr. F., one of his assistants. Mrs. F. was young, beautiful, impassioned, and a fatal attachment grew up between the two, which remained unsuspected until the truth was made known by the sudden elopement of Case with Mrs. F., and the simultaneous discovery that he had absconded with Government funds to the amount of some \$34,000. From that time forward nearly all trace of the guilty pair was lost. The family of Case, bereaved and betrayed, remained hopeless in their grief. Mr. F. engaged in a long but fruitless chase of the fugitives. And now from off the sea come tidings, a broken, half-told story of lonely wanderings in foreign lands; a full recital of a never-ceasing remorse, with pitiful and solitary deaths in far-away islands, and on the stormy waters of the Indian Ocean. Both victims of unhallowed passion are asleep—the mother in the groves of Ceylon, the little child in the coral forests of the sea. The betrayer still wanders the earth, the heavy hand of an avenging God upon him, and sends to his abandoned home this message of his sorrow.

The Victim Man.—John Mitchell thus offers his soul to the highest bidder. After this who can ever doubt whether he broke his parole or not? "Up to a certain date—say till the day of — 1889, we are willing to labor for their attainment. If southerners arouse they can attain them all, or else dissolve the Union. If they will do neither the one nor the other before that day, why we, for our poor part, will decline to urge them further; we have no idea of making a Cassandra of ourselves, and disturbing a sleeping congregation with our dismal vaticinations. It is sad to be always on the losing side; and we have had martyrdom enough. After the — day of — aforesaid, therefore, if we find the cause of the South still looking downward, if the people are seen still submitting to purchase slaves at eleven times their proper price, if the stigma of prohibition against buying and selling slaves in the federal capital is still carried contentedly on the brow of the South, as if it were an honorable scar, why, in that case, we shall go North and become an abolitionist."

A New Seismic Effect.—An incident occurred at the close of the opera of the "Huguenots," on Saturday evening, at the Academy of Music, which placed Mlle. Poinet, the new prima donna, for a few moments, in a somewhat unbecoming position. In falling, after having been "barbarously slain," she found herself directly under the drop curtain, which was coming down upon her "by the run." Instead of checking its fall she was simply warned of its danger by calls from behind the wings. This alarmed as well as bewildered her. She was necessarily obliged to be alive again, and changed her position. In doing this, instead of drawing herself back, she, in the excitement, drew herself forward toward the audience, and down came the curtain, shutting her off from the mimic world behind, and in full view of thousands of glowing eyes and faces wreathed in smiles. But then, she was dead, and what could she do? To rise and walk off would destroy the illusion; to lie still and be gazed at was anything but agreeable. At last little Anschutz, ever ready for a good action, leaped from the orchestra, with baton in hand, and came to her relief. He raised her up, but the fair entranced was sufficiently confused to win the sympathies of the audience, which generously tendered her several hearty rounds of applause. Thus ended pleasantly what might be called "a momentary dilemma of a new prima donna."

The Herold Riviere again.—"Count" De Riviere, who is now stopping at No. 21 Mercer street, lodged information at the Police office of his loss of two coats from his hotel, and revealed his suspicion of one Charles Martelle, also a Frenchman, who boards at the same place with De Riviere. He said that things had been missing from the hotel for a week or more, from day to day, to the amount of about eighty dollars, his coats among the rest; and that suspicion falling on Martelle, they placed a fine double-barrelled shot-gun in his way, where no one else could take it but he—as a device to catch him, if guilty—and that the gun soon disappeared. Officer Houston took the matter in hand, proceeded to the house in Mercer street, and arrested Martelle, who was, as yet, wholly unaware that he was suspected. After arrest he is stated to have acknowledged the entire charge, and informed the officers where the articles lost would be found. He had disposed of them to different pawnbrokers—the gun for the sum of ten dollars. The gun, De Riviere's two coats, and some lesser articles were recovered, and all will likely be found. Martelle is a fine, genteel appearing person, wears a fine moustache and heavy jewelry—a gold watch, chain, rings, &c. He says he was induced to commit the crime for the purpose of supporting an alleged "step-daughter."

Lectures on Italy.—Miss Jessie Merion White, whose romantic adventures in Italy with Mazzini, or rather in his cause, made her so prominent some two or three years ago, has been lecturing in this city with marked success. She is undoubtedly a woman of marked ability as well as courage, with more of the Italian than the English woman in her composition. We ought to add that she is now married, and that her name is Madame Mario.

State Arsenal.—Some time ago the State Arsenal fell down, of which rather common termination to New York buildings we gave an illustration. The Tribune says: The new Arsenal is to be rebuilt immediately. The contractor for the work which fell, it is claimed, went according to the specifications furnished by the State officers; consequently the blame is thrown on the latter, and the State must bear the loss. New specifications have been made for a safe and substantial edifice, and the same contractor will proceed with the work. Men are engaged in tearing down the walls of the ruins.

Tit for Tat.—The day preceding the county election, Clancy and his fellow-innocents, to the number of twenty or thirty, enjoyed the pleasant sensation of being indicted for giving some ground to the Catholics. This looked so much like a dodge of their own to interest the Irish vote, that men were puzzled to decide whether Joe Hunt had not magnanimously gone over to the Democrats. It worked so well that "Our John," as he is called, thought he would try a little of the same kind of soft soap upon Stephen P. Russell, whom he charged with burning the Church of St. Augustine, and the hanging of Fitzpatrick in Philadelphia.

Stephen P. Russell, who did not perceive the point of the election joke, rushes to that exemplary Judge O'borne, and takes out a warrant against "Our John," who gives him to answer! While we are on the subject of libels, we may add that James Gordon Bennett inspected the Westchester jail last week, and was highly pleased with the accommodations which Mr. Haakins is doing his best to prepare for him. The famous Bonner is in training as the Gotham O'Meara to the Napoleon of this new St. Helena. It may, however, only be Elba.

California.—The Quaker City has arrived in New Orleans. She brings Californian news to the 20th ult. Business was getting brisker, eight ships having arrived within the last ten days from Atlantic ports. The steamer Golden Age, which left on the 20th ult. for Panama, to connect with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's packet at Aspinwall, took down \$2,250,000 in treasure and 300 passengers. Penn Johnston had been tried and acquitted for killing his antagonist in a duel. From the Sandwich Islands we learn that twenty-seven Arctic whalers had put into Honolulu, having on board 27,000 barrels of oil. Nothing new is reported relative to the Indian troubles in Washington and Oregon.

Mobile News.—One hundred and forty of Walker's Nicaraguan "emigrants" sailed from the port of Mobile last week, on board the schooner Susan, without any clearance, the pretence being that the schooner was bound on a coasting voyage. Before getting fairly to sea, however, she was overhauled by an armed boat from a revenue cutter, and stopped. The passengers on the schooner threatened violence, and refused to allow the cutter's men to board. The collector, at last advised, was awaiting instructions from Washington, but the schooner, in the meantime, set sail, notwithstanding she was fired into by the cutter, without, however, any damage being done. A Mr. Wilson, of Ohio, who has been in Mobile as a Government spy, was forced to leave suddenly, a disposition being manifested to tear and feather him.

New York City Election.—The Charter election for Comptroller, Councilmen, half of the Aldermen, &c., passed off last Tuesday in the quietest manner. The great bone of contention, the Comptrollership, was carried off to the great surprise of the Tammanyites, by Mr. Hays, the Republican candidate; 23,000 less votes were polled this time than were polled in 1887. Hays' majority over Purser was 13,700; and over Purser and Russell combined, 1,836. The Republicans also carried the Alms-house Governor by electing Bruenhausen. The votes were: Bruenhausen, Republican, 16,888; Townsend, Tammany, 15,561; Lynch, anti-Tammany, 14,357; Wagner, Republican, 12,027. The Aldermen elected were: District 1, Smith, Republican; 2, Henry, Tammany; 3, Brady, Republican; 4, Starr, Republican; 5, Darragh, Republican; 6, Peck, Tammany; 7, Wilcott, anti-Tammany; 8, Owens, American; 9, Genet, Tammany.

Our readers will perceive with the deepest satisfaction that the swill-milk-stump-tail Alderman, E. Harrison Reed, the butcher, was defeated by Mr. Peck, by a vote of 1,633 to 1,429. Verily, this man has met with his deserts! The elections for the Board of Councilmen resulted in returning 17 Opposition and 7 Democrats. All of an unexpected result. The fact is poor Tammany is played out, as it was time it should, since its power had fallen into the hands of about a dozen corrupt party hacks, who were in turn moved like pawns on a chessboard by some wealthy Morphy.

The new Board of Education is largely in favor of having the Bible in the public schools.

Half Amusing.—A fair correspondent, who dates from Brooklyn, has the impety (we have carefully selected the mildest term) to "pitch into" our editorial in the last number, entitled "The Unco Pious and the Players." In the first place, she objects to our terming Mr. — a tragedian, when he is the first comedian of the age. She forgets that now-a-days they are so much alike it is quite pardonable to mistake them. We have ourselves seen comedians dismal and tragic-lane ludicrously absurd. In point of fact, we can't see so much difference between them. Our friend Dostieck himself confesses that he often laughs in the wrong place of the tragedy. Touching the opinion that we are not up in the Greek dramatists, we have only to observe that possibly she is not aware that Euripides did not write "Villains and his Dinah"; Sophocles was not the author of "Jem Bagg"; and, finally, that Aeschylus only wrote part of the "Cobbler's Wife." We charge our fair Brooklynite nothing for this piece of startling intelligence; we consider it only a set-off to her saying that we were not up to the great dramatists. We are up to everything, "even to snuff strong enough to make a dead rhinoceros sneeze!" Our fair but impetuous correspondent is informed that the above is a quotation from that famous Greek dramatist, Dionysius Bourleauit, a writer who flourished in the age of Plato and James Buchanan! *Vive la bagatelle!* and Mike Phelan's bladders!

Buchanan on Bribery.—Mr. Buchanan, in his reply to the invitation sent to him to attend the centenary festival in Pittsburgh, deals the following warning and rebuke to those who carry elections by the aid of money: "Never until within a recent period have we heard of the employment of money to carry elections. Should this practice increase until the voters and their representatives shall become infected, the fountain of free government will become poisoned at its source, and we must end, as history proves, in a military despotism." If this be true we are pretty near it; but we have faith that we are at our worst, when all things are said to mend. It is, however, a humiliating spectacle to see Mr. Feibel dragged down to Washington away from his duties, to defend himself whenever he appoints a weigher or a watchman.

Commissioners of Emigration.—It appears from the weekly statement that the arrivals from the 1st to the 8th December numbered 679. This makes a total of 75,989 arrivals during the present year, while up to the same date in 1887 there were 178,511 arrivals. The receipts during the week for commutation of alien passengers amount to \$1,130, making the aggregate receipts, so far, for the current year, \$182,164. Add to this \$32,155, being the balance in bank on the 1st January, and there is the sum of \$214,319 to meet \$199,096 expenditures up to date.

Morphy's Rival.—The great chess player has found a near relation in the Benicia Boy, or else the same man writes the challenges of both: "To the Editor of the New York Daily News: Dear Sir,—It is not my desire to intrude upon your columns with vain and idle boasts; but having been compelled, much against my inclination, to enter the ring, I naturally wish to win in it a reputation by fair and manly fight. "In a card recently published by Mr. John Morrissey, my late antagonist, in response to a challenge of mine, he states, in declining to take up my glove, that it is his intention to retire altogether from the ring, but both in Philadelphia and Albany publicly stated that he could whip me. I, therefore, reiterate my challenge to fight Mr. Morrissey for any sum up to ten thousand dollars, at any reasonable time he may name, a challenge which, if he has the spirit of a man, he cannot decline after his recent vauntings. "The challenge which I thus throw down to Mr. Morrissey, in case his prudence should get the better of his valor, I extend to the whole world. I am ready to fight any man in Europe or America for any reasonable sum up to ten thousand dollars. I remain, with great respect, JOHN C. HANNAH."

J. J. Brady's Lecture on Art.—This distinguished orator, and sound lawyer, gave another proof to the many already known to the public of his Christian feeling, by delivering a Lecture on Art at the Clinton Institute, for the benefit of Mrs. Ranney and her fatherless children. We repeat that our space will not allow us to give any extracts, or to say more than the Hall was crowded to excess, and that the lecturer and lecture were received with the utmost applause.

The Caneville Trial.—We have so repeatedly given full accounts of this trial that we shall only say on the present occasion, that it again commenced for the fourth time during the week—the old evidence was gone over once more, nothing new being elicited.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The European news is to the 24th ult.

ENGLAND.

There had been a meeting of nearly two hundred members of Parliament at the Guildhall Tavern to consider the question of a Reform in Parliament. Nothing special had been decided on. Public opinion was evidently opposed to the visit of Lord Palmerston and Clarendon to Louis Napoleon, at a time when he was prosecuting Montalembert for an article, the chief feature of which was praise of England.

FRANCE.

The festivities were progressing at Compeigne. Much attention had been lately paid by the Paris press to Central American and Cuban affairs. The trial of Montalembert was progressing with closed doors, and the press was forbidden to make any remarks upon it, or to discuss religious subjects at all. The exemplary patience of the French nation is the modern parallel to Joshua's commanding the sun to stand still—only it is greater.

BERMUDA.

The Ocean Bird brings advice to the 1st. At Port Spain, Trinidad, a serious affray had taken place between the soldiers and civilians. The police began to arrest the most disorderly, upon which a deadly assault, with drawn bayonets, was made upon the whole of the police. The latter, however, succeeded in capturing seven soldiers, and in taking them to the station. A rescue was attempted, in which one of the police, Francis Phillips, was stabbed. Several of the other policemen received serious blows. The soldiers, finding that they had been in a manner overpowered, surrounded the station with their drawn bayonets. The prisoners were, however, locked up, and the mob dispersed. The statue of the Empress Josephine arrived at St. Pierre on the 9th inst., on board of the Roi Yvetot, and would be conveyed to Fort de France when the vessel discharged her cargo of merchandise.

RIO DE LA PLATA.

By the arrival at this port of the ship Parana, we have letters and papers to October 23, fourteen days later than previous advices. The news is interesting, but not very important.

In Buenos Ayres, the Legislature was occupied principally in discussing a bill guaranteeing seven per cent. upon the capital of the San Fernando Railroad, of which Mr. Hopkins is the head man and original projector.

The comet appeared in Buenos Ayres on the 16th of October, and excited much discussion. The astronomers of that part of the world had not yet made up their minds whose comet it was.

From Paraguay we learn that Lopez is doing nothing, and making no preparation whatever to resist the American squadron. For some time back he has made no allusion to the expedition, or to the United States, in the *Semanario*. The Buenos Ayres papers copied with avidity every detail of the expedition that had reached them from the United States; so Lopez will be well posted up.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

Death of Robert Owen, the Socialist.—This eminent philanthropist is dead. This event is thus narrated in a letter from the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, our Minister to the Court of Naples. He was a man who missed reforming many social evils because he loved his own egotism better than human good. Never man threw away so promising a chance as he did, merely to insult the Christian faith. Great reformers should never despise the reverential heart of the world. Even superstition should be cautiously approached.

"Newtown, Montgomeryshire, Nov. 17, 1868.

"My dear Sir,—It is all over. My dear father passed away this morning at a quarter before seven, and passed away as gently and quietly as if he had been falling asleep. There was not the least struggle; not a contraction of limb or of muscle; not an expression of pain in his face. His breathing gradually became slower and slower, until at last it ceased so imperceptibly that even as I held his hand I could scarcely tell the moment when he no longer breathed. His last words, distinctly pronounced about twenty minutes before his death, were, 'Relief has come.' About half an hour before he said, 'Very easy and comfortable.' His great object appeared to be to convince us that he did not suffer, and that he was satisfied with our attention to him. He is to be buried on Monday next, in the same family vault in which his father and mother lie. The rector, Mr. John Edwards, who has kindly called upon him five or six times since he has been here, will officiate." Robert Owen was in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

The New Ambassador to China.—We have much pleasure in announcing that the Hon. Frederick Bruce, brother of Lord Elgin, who acted as secretary to him during his embassy in China, and brought home the treaty of Tien-tsin, has been appointed the first Ambassador to Peking under the provisions of the treaty. Mr. Bruce was attached to the late Lord Ashburton's mission to Washington in 1842, was Colonial Secretary in Hong-Kong from 1844 to 1846, was appointed Consul-General in China in 1847, Chargé d'Affaires in Bolivia in 1848, at Monte Video in 1851, and Consul-General in Egypt in 1853.

A Musical Opera.—The following is a list of the engagements effected for the Paris Italian Opera season: Tambril, £1,600 for seventeen representations; Mario, £800 a month for five months; Albini, £480 a month for the same period; Mdlle. Penco, £2,800 for the season; Graniani (Francesco) £1,600 for the season; Graniani, £1,480 ditto; Corsi, £480; Galvani, £720; Mdlle. Ruda, £680; Cambardi, £280; Soldi, £140; Patricoli, Mdlle. Dell' Anese, Rossi, £120 each for the season; Nantier Didée, the French prima donna, £800; Zucchini, £720; Angelini, £560 for the same period. Madame Grisi gets £800 for two months, singing only seven times each month. The chorus for the season will cost £1,661. Orchestra, £1,858. Apropos of musical salaries, here are a few items; Malibran received in London for every representation at Drury Lane, £150. Grisi, at New York, for appearing at an oratorio, £400. Lablache for singing twice was paid £150. In Italy, Rossini was offered a million of francs for six months, if he would play the part of Figaro. For a single lesson in singing to Queen Victoria, Lablache was paid £40. At a soirée given in London Grisi received £240. The second benefit at St. Petersburg realised 61,000 roubles (£816). In the course of the representation the Emperor sent her a bouquet of forget-me-nots composed of diamonds and turquoises. The same artist at Hamburg received 3,750 francs a night. Paganini charged 2,000 francs a lesson. Hummel, at his death, left behind him 375,000 francs, and a number of presents from every Court of Europe, among which were twenty-six diamond rings of great value, thirty-four snuff-boxes and one hundred and fourteen valuable watches. To this statement *Le Moniteur* adds, that in our days Albini and Mario never sing for less than 2,000 francs a night; and that Tambril, every time he gives his act, has 2,500 francs. In America and in Rio especially, the musical artists realize great sums; Herz and Thalberg each realised more than 300,000 francs by a single voyage to America. As to Jenny Lind, she is said to have earned enough to buy the fee simple of Sweden in American dollars.

Very Like a Whale.—An English paper says: "A few days since an owl's nest was taken upon a farm near Bath, with three young ones in it. The luxurious and voracious habits of the owl (the brown sort) may be imagined from the contents of the nest, which contained two leopards, one

abbot, three blackbirds, one thrush and two large trout. They were all fresh, and had been apparently caught during the night."

A Club Opinion.—Politicians keep saying that we have not heard the last of the Portugal affair. The young King's speech to his Parliament giving the "lie direct" to the "explanations" of the *Moniteur*, shook the funds and confidence of the city. The visit of Lord Palmerston and Clarendon to the Emperor of the French, no doubt, has its significance. On the other hand, it is symptomatic of what is felt in still higher quarters, that Prince Alfred has visited Lisbon, and that the new Prussian Premier, the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, is the father of the young Queen of Portugal. Perhaps, before long, the force of the new Anglo-Prussian alliance will make itself felt in the affairs of Europe.

Chit-Chat.—There are several very attractive announcements from the Messrs. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, the proprietors and publishers of famous "Maga." Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's "What will he do with it?" is promised in its complete form, a four-volume novel, for December. The reputed twin authors of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," Professor Aytoun and Mr. Theodore Martin, have engaged in a joint adventure of a more difficult and dignified kind—an English translation of the "Poems and Ballads of Goethe," to be published by the Messrs. Blackwood. Two volumes of the late Sir William Hamilton's long expected "Lectures" are also, it is intimated by the Messrs. Blackwood, to be expected in December, the June of the publishing season. The excellent "Handbook for Syria and Palestine," which Mr. Murray has just added to his classical series, is, it is understood, the work of the Rev. Mr. Porter, the author of that well-known and delightful book, "Five Years in Damascus."

A Light for the Gentiles.—The London correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser writes that a new discovery in light is about to be introduced, which, if it realizes the averments of the patentees, will revolutionize all our existing methods of illumination. It was first publicly exhibited during the visit of the Queen to Cherbourg, while Her Majesty was passing at night from her own ship to that of the Emperor. The raw material may be a cheap gas, made from the most common materials, and the increase of brilliancy is obtained by passing it through a new medium, which is said to have all the advantages of lime without its destructibility. The calculations put forth are, that a light equal to that of 500 street lamps, and lasting twelve hours, can be obtained at a cost equal to 87½ cents, or 3s. 6d. sterling; while, for domestic purposes, one jet, equaling in effect eighteen pounds of candles, and costing only 4d. (eight cents) for twelve hours, will give a light fully double that of any ordinary gas burner. It is asserted, also, that the requisite apparatus is cheap, perfectly portable, and capable of being managed even by a child; that the light is free from smell, very white, extremely pure, and characterized by the property of burning steadily, continuously and without diminution. The patentee is the Hon. W. E. Fitzmaurice, and the statements made are so far endorsed by respectable and competent persons as to lead to the hope that the discovery may prove what it is represented to be.

The Penalty of Democracy.—John Annesley, Esq., of Moreland Lodge, Han's, eldest and only surviving son of Alexander Annesley, Esq., late of Hyde Hall, Herts, Cadogan Place, and the Marine Parade, Brighton, has recently died childless. Had Mr. Annesley died intestate, his heir-at-law would have been his nephew, Mr. Ernest Jones, the well-known Chartist leader; but so great was the animosity he entertained for Mr. Jones, on account of the democratic principles of the latter, that he has left his entire property (reserving a life interest for his widow) to utter strangers, thus cutting Mr. Jones off from a fine fortune, which, by every ordinary and customary course, would have come into his hands.

Family Arrangements.—Some years ago, a man named Collins was married to a woman at Fisherton Church, Salisbury. For being concerned in some machine riots, Collins was transported within a few weeks of the birth of his daughter. A short time after Collins's banishment, his wife married another man named Kemish. When Collins's daughter had grown up to womanhood, Kemish took a fancy to her, and by agreement with the mother, who had for years been styled Mrs. Kemish, he married the daughter at the same church at which the mother had been married to Collins; and at the same time and place the mother, Mrs. Collins, alias Kemish, was actually married to a man named Pitt; so that the woman Collins has married three men—Collins, Kemish, and Pitt; and Kemish has married both mother and daughter. Pitt was ignorant of the antecedents of the parties, it appears. Kemish and the woman Pitt, Kemish, or Collins, are to be tried at the next assizes.

The Burns' Festival at the Crystal Palace.—The centenary of the birth of Robert Burns, which will be on the 26th of January, will be celebrated upon that day, at the Crystal Palace, upon a scale worthy of so interesting an occasion. The programme of the proceedings of the festival has not yet been finally agreed upon. It has, however, been determined to offer a prize of fifty guineas for the best poem, to be written for the occasion, the award to be given by three gentlemen of high standing in literature, whose names will shortly be announced. The poem must be the composition of the person sending it, and must be in English—that is to say, not in the Scottish dialect, but the occasional introduction of Scottish phrases will not be objected to, and the poem is not to be less than one hundred, nor more than two hundred lines in length, and may be of any metre or form which the writer may see fit to employ. The poems sent in for competition are not to bear the signatures of the writers, but each one is to be accompanied by a sealed envelope, containing the name and having on the outside two mottoes. The envelope, containing the name of the author of the successful poem, will be opened for the first time immediately before the public recitation, when the name will be announced; the envelopes containing the unsuccessful names will be destroyed, and the unsuccessful poems returned upon application by the authors. The premium of fifty guineas will be paid immediately after the public recitation of the poem, and the cost of its publication will be borne by the Crystal Palace Company, whose property the copyright will remain. No poem will be received for competition after the 1st of January next.

FRANCE.

Maladie du Mer.—In a book just published in Paris, a cure for sea sickness is proposed which has the merit of novelty. The author commences by stating that sea sickness is not occasioned by any chemical agent, such as a peculiar effluvia emitted by sea-water, the condition of the atmosphere, or such like; and that, consequently, no medicine can relieve it; but that it is caused by the mechanical action of the bowels, which are made to vibrate by the heaving and pitching of the vessel, and to strike against the diaphragm. The liver and gall-bladder, thus exposed to repeated percussion, emit a larger quantity of bile than usual, and retching is the necessary consequence. M. Jobard, therefore, simply proposes to tie down the intestines so as to prevent their jolting, which may be effectually done by two belts, one passing under the thorax and the other between the legs.

A Human Donkey.—A donkey, of Gandanne (Bouches of the Rhône), was grossly ill-treated by its owner. At length, taking advantage of the moment when the man had just taken off its harness, the animal rushed forward, knocked him down, and then tore him with its teeth, struck him with its fore-feet, and wounded him so dreadfully that he died in a few hours.

Adrift.—As a fisherman, of Cancale (Ille-et-Vilaine), was going out to dredge oysters, near the Chauvay Isles, he saw at the distance of about two miles a small boat, which appeared to be abandoned. He immediately went to it, and to his surprise found two little children lying in the bottom, both exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and one fast asleep! He took the children into his own vessel, wrapped them up in his great coat, and gave them food. He then questioned them, and they stated that they belonged to Granville, and that, two days before, they had got into the boat to play, but that it had drifted out to sea, and that having only one oar, they had been unable to direct it. He conveyed the children to Granville, and restored them to their parents, who thought they were lost.

Another French Miracle.—A poor woman, forty years of age, living at Chartres in Champagne, and who seems never to have heard of the marvellous pills, lotions and elixirs, which perform so many cures in England, inasmuch as she has suffered for eighteen years from paralysis and loss of voice! This poor woman, being in the church of Chartres and devoutly listening to mass, suddenly saw a shining light, brighter than that of the sun at noonday. No sooner had the woman gazed upon the old man in the midst of the shining light, than she felt cured. Indeed, she said so in a loud voice, heard all over the sacred building, and, putting down the crutches she had not quitted for eighteen years, walked erect to the altar. She has continued in perfect health ever since. No doubt, therefore, of the genuineness of the cure can be permitted. The abandoned crutches are now hung up in the church as evidence of the miracle which has been performed.

Another French and English Alliance.—A new kind of "immigration" scheme is being carried into execution in Paris. You are aware that our Australian colonies suffer from the scarcity of the fair sex even more than the French colonies from the want of negro labor. Several agents have arrived in the French capital, and are offering large premiums, with the promise of a husband as soon as they arrive at the antipodes, to all French spinsters under the age of thirty. They have collected about 100 already.

Artificial Breeding of Fish.—M. Coste, so well known in connection with the artificial breeding of fish, went a few days ago to the coast near Brest, to examine the experiments made under his direction for the breeding of oysters. He found that the experiments had succeeded beyond expectation; some of the fascines which had been thrown down some time back were, when raised, literally covered with little oysters, and the whole coast to Granville and Cancale is, so to speak, embedded with them.

A Dinner a la Chinoise.—Prince Napoleon a few days ago gave a grand dinner, at which several dishes were Chinese; some of the wine drank was from Siam (having been sent by one of the kings of that country to his Imperial Highness), and one of the guests was a Chinese mandarin. Among the dishes were swallows' nests, cooked in the Naokin mode; fowl of a shark fin; oolothurics à la mandarine; the interior of a surgeon's octogonaire, aux roudelles de bambou; cloathurics in salad, with pheasant jelly; rice des immortels; fowl with Japanese curry; spinach with balicheau, which was much esteemed at Rome under Augustus; rice in Chinese fashion; ordinary India curry, &c.

PRUSSIA.

A Feeler.—A highly significant article appears in the *Invalide Russ*. The new Prussian Government is extolled as being all that was looked for to secure the leadership of all Germany to Germany, vice Austria, retiring. "The preponderance of Prussia is indispensable to the hopes of progress and German nationality. Its Diet is the true echo of fatherland, that of Frankfurt being only a windbag and a sham."

HUNTING SCENES IN CANADA.



ESCOUMAINS RIVER, CANADA EAST—A SALMON POOL.

SPORTING SCENES IN CANADA.

Wild Turkeys.

The wild turkey (*Meleagris gallopavo*, Linn.) is fast disappearing

in the sketch. The hunter is attired in a white blanket coat, having a white handkerchief tied over his cap, so as not to attract the eyes of the watchers as he glides like a shadow from tree to tree, following the tracks with silent, mocassin-sheathed foot, until he

feeding, by the margin of a snow-covered pond, upon such scanty reed-tops as creep out through the snow. He pauses before he picks off the old "gobbler," or leader of the flock, for a chance of getting two of them in a line. His weapon is a rifle, with a slender



ROUND THE TRAPS.



DEER-STALKING—THE DEATH JUMP.

from the woods of Canada. A few of these noble birds, however, are still to be met with in the extreme western districts, where they were very plentiful a few years since. Their extinction will be hastened by the reckless manner in which they are destroyed by trapping—a wholesale mode of slaughter adopted by the thoughtless and avaricious "bush-whackers." The trap consists simply of a small log shanty, with a gridiron roof, and a very low door, to enter which the bird must stoop. The trapper takes a sheaf of wheat under his arm, traverses the woods in a line across which the turkeys are likely to run, and, scattering the straws along his track, makes his way to the trap, in which he deposits the remainder of the sheaf. On visiting the trap in a day or two he probably finds it full of turkeys. The writer knows of an instance in which nineteen were thus taken at one time. It appears that the bird, which is a stupid one at best, on finding itself caged, endeavors to escape by flying up against the bars of the roof, never thinking of using the door as an egress. It is a point of honor with the trappers not to maraud or disturb each other's traps. It is equally a point of honor with the sportsman to destroy them whenever he comes across them. The most legitimate and sportsmanlike mode of pursuing these birds is by stalking or "still-hunting" them in the snow, as represented

arrives within favorable distance for a shot. In the sketch he is represented as having just stalked up to his birds, which are

stock deeply arched to fit the shoulder, and a long, heavy barrel with a very small bore, giving it the appearance of a drilled crowbar.

Deer-stalking.

The common deer is still very plentiful in many districts of Western Canada. There are several modes of hunting it—one being what is called "driving;" that is, laying hounds on the track and chasing the deer through known runways in the woods, at intervals along which the hunters are posted, waiting till the chance of a shot turns up. The weapon for this kind of work is a heavy double gun, carrying a charge of ten or twelve grains of buckshot. But the keen sportsman prefers the more independent, if less certain, sport of stalking the deer. In Canada it is called "still-hunting." November is a good time for this sport—the trees being then bare, and the woods well bedded down with the dead, wet leaves, in which the deer leaves track sufficient to guide the hunter to his retreat. But this tracking on the leaves requires great experience, if not instinct; and it is better for the amateur to defer operations until the ground is covered with the first light-snow. Dressed in a color to match the trees or the snow, as the case may be, the hunter steals up to his game by a process of stalking from tree to tree, which, to be successfully carried out, requires the greatest vigilance, caution, and, in fact, all the requisites nearly that are



WILD TURKEY SHOOTING.

conditional to success in any kind of hunting. The rifle is the only weapon for the still-hunter; but with it even a practised shot will sometimes miss his deer, the animal generally presenting a very small mark, owing to being covered to a great extent by the bolls and branches of the trees. One great charm in this sport is the intense solitude of the grand old woods, the stillness of which in winter is rarely broken, except by the goblin laugh of the great black woodpecker, or by the cracking of the trees when the frost is intense. These explosions are as loud as pistol shots; and hence it is that the deer, becoming accustomed to the sound, are not startled by the crack of a rifle. The writer has fired at and missed his deer twice, the animal continuing to browse quietly while the operation of reloading was silently going on behind the far-off trees. The slightest noise produced by a tread, or by the breaking of a twig, would have sent the animal bounding away into the depths of the forest. The hunter in the sketch has just sent a bullet through the buck.

Round the Traps.

It is no bad sport to start off with a trapper on a fine frosty November morning, upon a tour of inspection of his traps. In a commercial sense the marten is perhaps the most valuable of the animals thus sought after; but in trapping for him a great variety of others of the furry tribes fall into the snare. The writer, on one occasion, went the rounds with an old trapper who lived in a sort of wigwam, or hovel, on the edge of a cedar swamp, miles away from anything approaching to civilization. The morning was sharp when we started, yet he wore nothing except a coarse flannel shirt and trousers of the same, the latter being stuffed into great cowhide boots, the soles and uppers of which were fastened together with wooden pegs. Hat or cap he had no occasion for, his thick bush of grizzled and tangled hair placing him far above the necessity for such conventional barbarisms. Accompanied by a nondescript foxy-looking cur, and armed with the everlasting rifle, he led the way by tokens best known to himself to the beginning of his "road of traps," as he called it. The trap used is the common snap-trap, or gin; set in a peculiar manner, however. The trapper bends down a stiff sapling, fastening it slightly to the ground by means of a notched peg. To the top of the sapling he affixes the trap with a thong, sets it, and, having covered it slightly with leaves, scatters some offal of venison or any kind of meat about, but not on the trap. The marten or corner of whatever kind, in tugging about at the bait, inevitably springs the trap, and, at the first pull, slipping the sapling away from the peg, up he goes into the air, where he is played as an angler plays a fish. The object of this is to prevent him from having a "purchase" by which to extricate himself. In the first trap we came to, there was an animal known to the hunters as a fisher (*lucus a non lucendo*), for he catches no fish, but predeceates in the tree-tops and thickets like the rest of the marten tribe, of which, although the largest, he is the least valuable. This is the animal represented in the sketch. A blow on the head from the tough hickory wiping-stick, or "service-rod," carried by the trapper, settled his business, and on we went. In the next trap, which had not been hitched down to a sapling, but was simply bound to a root, we found the forepaw of a marten; and in most of the others, amounting perhaps to a dozen, there were martens, fishers, or minks—the latter of which is a sort of water-marten or diminutive otter, with a very good dark brown fur. This mode of trapping was afterwards successfully tried by the writer.

The wiping-rod carried by the woodman is invariably used by them not only for cleaning, but for loading their rifles, for which purpose they seldom draw the ramrod.

Salmon-Fishing.

To the hardy salmon-fisher—one who is content to rough it in wigwam or tent, to brave the *disagréments* incidental to a camp life, and to set aside for awhile the arbitrary refinements of what we must, with the best grace we can, accept for civilization—Canada offers greater inducements, perhaps, than any other of the countries to which the sportsman sated with the monotony of preserved fishings is accustomed to retire, in the hope of their falling upon the good, old-fashioned order of things, and getting a glimpse of times that were and flourished before the waters were made turbid by the wheels of the great water-chariots, and ere yet the pipe of the locomotive had whistled the birds off the bushes.

Down to the lower rivers now you must go, if you seek for solitude and salmon. Of these tributaries to the St. Lawrence there are many, the best of them running into the estuary of that river at distances of from about one hundred and thirty to five hundred miles east of Quebec, and chiefly from the mountainous region which lies upon its northern shore. Those most familiar to the determined angler are the Saguenay, a mighty river in itself, with many a tributary; the Escoumains, the Godebout, the Moisie, and the Mingan. The territory through which these rivers run is at present in the possession of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, who, in addition to a wealth of peltries with which the vast solitude of the north supplies them, derive no inconsiderable profits from their nets at the mouths of these rivers. Each of these netting-places is presided over by a *maître du pêche*. They do not sell the salmon by weight, but average the price by reducing it to a standard of one dollar for each and every fish.

I send a sketch of the Escoumains, once the very ideal and perfection of a salmon river, but now devastated by savage and civilized man. While dozing by nights on its wooded margins, couched upon hemlock boughs—a bed inferior only to the heather—I have seen fires arise silently and suddenly upon the black, still pool, and a pandemonium of Montagnard or Micmac Indians, armed with the accursed *negog* or Indian spear, carrying havoc and desolation into the homes of its flimsy families. On the last day of my sojourn there, too, did not certain children of Belial proceed to the erection of a sawmill and its inevitable dam? I wonder whether they have thriven, or whether the anathema suggested to me by their process of confining the stream has not followed them up and driven them in among the cogs and crushers of their horrid engines? When proper action, however, has been taken by the Legislature, these dams will have to be provided with a sufficient slide or "apron," for the passage of the fish, and then once more we may pitch our tent by the shores of the pleasant Escoumains and other shady streams.

No exact standard can be formed as to the style of fly most to be depended on in these waters. I have found a claret body with grouse's wing good when the fish were disposed to take it—a general remark, which will apply equally well to a jay's hackle with golden pheasant wing as to most other well-constructed flies. Your tackle must be of extra strength, for in most of the rivers of this country "snags" and such like impediments are to be encountered.

At the mouths of all these rivers excellent sport is to be had with the sea-trout, which greedily takes the fly. A redecock's hackle or palmer-fly, with a peacock body, will do as well as any other. Fish with one fly, as, if you use droppers, you may be embarrassed by having more than one fish on at a time.

An American who had recently returned from Europe told his friend that he had been pre-occupied at the court there. "Did you see the queen there?" asked one. "Well, no, I didn't see her 'sackly,' but I seed one of her friends—a judge. Yes, ee," he continued, "the court I was presented at happened to be the Central Criminal Court."



CHIEF ENGINEER DANIEL F. MARTIN, U.S.N.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILLE.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

THE BERTAUDIERE.

CHAPITRE XXVII.—LOUIS QUATORZE AND HIS MINISTERS—GOVERNMENT EMBARRASMENTS AND STATE SECRETS.

SOME days after these events, M^{onsieur} D'Argenson received a peremptory summons from the king, to repair to Versailles; and accordingly set out for the chateau on foot—it is usual mode of travelling.

As he proceeded, a change imperceptibly came over him, which he was unable to account for. From some external cause, his hard features gradually lost a portion of their savage expression; his compressed lips slowly relaxed, almost into a settled smile; his restless eyes looked less maliciously into the visage of the passer-by, and less morosely upon the merry, chubby-faced little children that jiggered on the threshold of their parents' dwelling—he had hitherto constantly kept them either bent towards the ground, or turned askance; but now he felt irresistibly impelled to look upwards!

He reached St. Cloud, and stopping at the guard-house, summoned the two men who had accompanied their lieutenant to effect the arrest of the captain.

"What's thy name?" said he, addressing the first.

"Thomas Blondeau," answered the man; "but my comrades call me Bottenose."

"What's thine?" continued the lieutenant, speaking to the second.

"Denis, our lieutenant," replied the latter, raising his hand to the side of his head; "Denis Mouton is my name; isn't it, Bottenose?"

The gentleman rejoicing in this facetious epigram—which he owed to a peculiarity of visage induced by his frequent libations—answered in the affirmative; and the lieutenant of police continued his interrogations.

"Denis knows a good deal more about it than I do," said Blondeau; "for as I turned my back upon the robbers, I couldn't see what happened—could I, Denis?"

"How should you?" replied Denis; "for my own part, I found that the enemy was superior in number, and so, like a good general, I beat a retreat."

The lieutenant frowned, and swore an oath; which, however, did not in the least disturb the equanimity either of Denis or his comrade, who were immediately marched off to the black-hole, their commanding officer fearing to disobey the mandate of D'Argenson; who, having seen his orders executed, departed, uttering a volley of oaths, and strongly suspecting that he had been made the dupe of some artifice, which he was as yet unable to fathom. Indeed, the lieutenant's report, embodying a tolerable description of his assailants, the simple though important fact of the vehicle containing two monks, almost furnished him with a clue to the truth; notwithstanding that he could neither comprehend how Jacques—if the second monk was, as he conjectured, that extraordinary man disguised—had obtained intelligence of the captain's intended arrest, nor his motives for rescuing the holy father from the fate he had reserved for him—the Bastille. This mystery, however, he de-

termined forthwith to unravel; and continued his journey, absorbed in no very pleasant train of thought.

He reached the chateau at the appointed hour, and was instantly ushered into the presence of the grand monarch, whom he found alone in his bed-chamber, seated at a small table covered with papers.

Although now in his sixty-second year, age had not robbed him of an inch of his commanding stature, nor shrunken the symmetry of his form; his forehead was all that a Lavater (had physiognomy been then known as a science) would have expected to find in a king; expansive, well developed, unwrinkled and pale as marble, with two broad arches distinctly defined, beneath which his dark eyes sparkled with all the fire of youth, his gaze retaining a potency that few could withstand; his aquiline nose and firm-set mouth imparted an expression of severity to his countenance, that was rather increased than diminished by the sallowness of his complexion, adding to the dignity of his aspect, which betrayed the self-consciousness of his superiority; one might fancy how he must have looked when he uttered that axiom to his courtiers, "I am the State!" which has since become the by-word of absolute monarchs.

Perhaps no sovereign of modern times, not even his cousin and contemporary, Charles II. of England, can be said to have been at one time more truly great—great in his public capacity, be it understood—than Louis Quatorze. From the day that he assumed the reins of government—then twenty-two years of age—until within the last fifteen years of his life, his career was a one uninterupted series of victories and brilliant achievements. At the death of Mazarin he found his court split into factions, his courtiers ripe for intrigue, each of his ministers eager to grasp at supreme power at the expense of his country, none dreaming that the young man whom the astute cardinal had purposely brought up in ignorance would ever take the sceptre into his own hands and govern by himself.

In her memoirs, Madame de Motteville states that in this respect Louis Quatorze only emulated the example of Charles II., who was then reputed as governing alone: the parallel between the two monarchs need not be drawn to prove that if such was the case, Louis Quatorze soon outshone his rival. His first act was to regulate the financial department of his government and to circumscribe the limits of power given to his ministers, allotting severally to each his various duties, compelling each to render him, at certain fixed periods, an account of his acts, and superintending himself every branch of the administration. To establish the army upon a better footing was his next care, whilst the arts and sciences, manufactures and trade, each in turn received their due meed of his attention, so that his kingdom soon regained all that it had lost during the civil wars under the reign of his mother.

The period, too, favored his ambition of reigning as an absolute monarch, for there were no ancient factions to subdue; the religious leagues of the Henri Quatre, the Fronde, the parliamentary disputes of the regency, all these were virtually dead or existing in spirit but devoid of body; whilst the modern cabals that arose on the death of Mazarin were mere insignificant struggles for individual pre-eminence. The nation, beside, was tired of party squabbles, parliamentary warfare, ministerial leagues and cabals, and more disgusted still with church government; the very idea of a prime minister, even to the name of one, had become odious, for the public treasury had become exhausted by the extravagance of Richelieu and the avarice of Mazarin, neither of whom ever failed to augment the taxation whenever the efforts of the one required replenishing, or the princely extravagances of the other had plunged him into difficulties from which money alone could extricate him. But the ruin they commenced was completed by the systematic peculations of Fouquet, the superintendent of the finance department, who at last expiated his crimes in the Bastille. Thus at Louis's accession to power—his real accession to power—France had become a nation consisting only of subjects willing to be governed by a despotic master, so, by no other than a regal one—Henri Quatre had governed the absolute, and Louis Quatorze was emulous of his ancestor's glory, ambitious of being accounted great both at home and abroad. It remains for the historian to transmit his deeds to the judgment of posterity.

At the period, however, of his introduction to the reader, Louis Quatorze had ceased to be great, his long prosperity had faded, and in the belief that adversity could not assail him; whereas his decadence had already commenced, and the last fifteen years of his life offered, by the disasters that pursued him, a painful contrast to the brilliant commencement of his reign. His domestic calamities were perhaps those that did not the least affect him.

But the perplexities of his ministers and the extraordinary modes of raising funds to which they were compelled to resort, in order to provide for the daily augmenting exigencies of the government, produced no effect upon the voluptuous monarch, whose expensive habits seemed to increase rather than diminish, in the same proportion as the difficulty of administering to them. He had been so long accustomed to luxurious excesses that to live without indulging in them became almost impossible; as a proof of which may be adduced the fact that there was not at any period of his reign more magnificence displayed than towards his close, when the country most graced beneath the burden of exorbitant taxes and imposts, and its resources, though numerous, were being fast exhausted by the enormous expenses entailed by an unfortunate and desolating war, and that same not less impoverishing splendor of the monarch.

His taste for architecture, ornamental gardens, sculpture, painting, &c., though tending to embellish his capital, was ruinous in the extreme; the Louvre (which to this day is incomplete), Versailles, the Trianon, Marly, owed their origin to his innate passion for magnificence.

It was Louis's custom to receive his ministers in his bed-chamber shortly after he had arisen; this was called *le petit lever*. The apartment was spacious, looking out upon the splendid gardens, recently completed, and the extensive park adjoining them, every article of furniture being sumptuous and costly in the extreme. The regal bed, which was large and square, was enclosed within a richly gilded balustrade, the hangings, of purple velvet, were embroidered with many curious devices in gold, the spaces left open between which were studded with fleurs-de-lis in silver, whilst around the bottom and down the sides depended a deep fringe of the former metal. Over the top fell a canopy, composed of the same costly materials, and surmounted by the crown and arms of France wrought in gold.

The king was in his usual morning dress; he wore a loose robe of crimson velvet, profusely embroidered, and a large peruke, arranged so as to fall over his shoulders and back, his cravat, of fine cambric, was tied once round his throat, the two ends hanging down in front, and which, like his ruffles, were of exquisitely wrought lace. Over his legs and thighs were drawn long white silk stockings, confined above his knees by a garter, and fastened by a small diamond buckle; his feet, encased in slippers, rested upon a small ottoman, he himself being encoined in an easy chair, the back whereof was surmounted by the royal arms.

"Chamillart has just left me, monseigneur," observed the monarch to D'Argenson as this functionary dropped into his seat, at the same time inclining his head respectfully, and placing his triangular hat upon the table.

"He tells me," continued the monarch, "that he experiences great difficulty in levying the last tax; that some of the citizens have refused to pay it!"

"Is my advice needed, sire, to teach Monsieur Chamillart his duty to his sovereign?" observed D'Argenson.

"I aim at confessing as much," replied Louis, half smiling.

"Who are they, sire, who have refused?"

"There is a list containing their names and residences," answered the king, handing a piece of parchment to the lieutenant of police, and looking at him very significantly.

"I understand your majesty," observed the latter, pocketing the parchment; "I will look after the defaulters."

"But I am in want of money to pay my troops, monseigneur, and Chamillart has none to give me."

"There is plenty in Paris, sire I plenty in France!"

"Yes! but how is it to be obtained? Evidently not so easy as heretofore."

"I would guarantee within three months to raise for your majesty's service at least four millions of livres," observed D'Argenson, thoughtfully.

"That is a large sum, monseigneur, as times go? How would you proceed, pray? I am curious to learn."

D'Argenson bowed again, and continued:

"There are at least five hundred commoners in Paris, each as rich as Croesus, who would gladly purchase the privilege of appearing at your majesty's court."

"But were each even twice as rich as Croesus," remarked Louis, interrupting him, "unless they were nobles, also, their riches would not avail them for that purpose."

"Pardon me, sire; their wealth, which your majesty so much stands in need of, might be made the means of enabling them!"

"I comprehend you, monseigneur," answered the king, red-dening; "you would have me sell patents of nobility, as a shop-keeper sells old clothes; it cannot be, it cannot be!"

"Five hundred patents," continued D'Argenson, taking up a piece of paper, and making his calculations upon it, "at a—say for thousand livres each, would produce—"

"But, monseigneur, consider the disagreeable consequences it must entail! My court would be made up of shopkeepers! Bah!"

"The five hundred patents, sire, would produce, at four thousand crowns each, a sum equivalent to—"

"Sell patents of nobility!" exclaimed Louis, hesitatingly; "after all, the relief would be only temporary, whilst the shame would be lasting."

"The relief would be your majesty's," observed D'Argenson; "the shame theirs."

"But a propos of the Bastille, monseigneur lieutenant, I am given to understand that you hold imprisoned there the daughter of a certain Baron de St. Anney! Her friends have interested themselves to procure her release, and I have promised to command it."

D'Argenson frowned and bit his lips, inclining his head to conceal his mortification, but after a few moments' silence, answered, with an affected air of humility:

"I have at least done my best to deserve your majesty's favor," continued the minister; "but from this moment I retain my office only until you, sire, shall have found another of your subjects worthier of it than I am."

This unexpected announcement startled the king like an electric shock. He started up from his recumbent position, and sitting upright in his chair, with a hand placed on each of his



CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILLE.—"HE NOW MADE THE BEST OF HIS WAY TO THE OUTER GATE."

arms, gazed for at least a minute full into D'Argenson's face, but without uttering a word, the latter returning his glance with equal steadfastness. At length his majesty observed:

"Did I hear aright, monseigneur?"

"I cannot say, sire," replied the artful lieutenant, "whether your majesty did hear aright."

"You hinted at resigning your post as lieutenant of our police, monseigneur," abruptly resumed Louis, with darkening brows; "for what reason?"

"I am, too, ready to listen to your reasons for keeping the girl imprisoned."

"I detained her, sire, as an hostage for her father, whom I can prove a traitor; whom I can prove guilty of disrespect towards your majesty's government; but, worse than all, of forgery! See: this bond signed by one St. Angin! 'tis for a hundred thousand crowns; it was forced upon Etienne Quinault, late public notary of this city, and now a judge in one of your majesty's courts; the man whose signature is affixed here, to the bottom of this parchment, is dead; sire! dead! With the money extorted from Quinault, the baron discharged my claim upon him for moneys advanced, and then came to the Bastille to claim his daughter; but fortunately I was prepared to receive him."

"This, indeed, changes the aspect of the affair, monseigneur lieutenant," observed the monarch, thoughtfully; "what has become of the baron?"

"He is in the Bastille, sire! I detained him!"

"You did well, monseigneur! but his daughter! You must set her free!"

"If I am to retain my office, sire," responded D'Argenson, "I will not set her free, until her father has confessed his guilt, or divulged his accomplice; for that he has one, I more than suspect."

"You are the best judge in these matters, monseigneur," remarked the king, with great indifference; but I hope she does not lack for anything."

"Except her liberty, sire, she has all that she requires."

"I am satisfied, monseigneur! Retain your office, and act as seems to you best, to bring all such offenders to justice."

"Perhaps your majesty will sign this warrant for their detention during your majesty's royal pleasure," observed the lieutenant of police, rapidly filling up a blank paper according to the usual form, and presenting it to the monarch for signature; "I shall then be acting under your majesty's orders."

Louis Quatorze made no reply, but dipping his pen slightly into the ink, signed the document and returned it to his minister.

"How you tremble, monseigneur," observed he, as D'Argenson tendered his hand for the fatal parchment; "one would think you had seen me sign your own death-warrant!"

The lieutenant of police essayed to smile, but could not; his lips quivered, and two or three large drops of sweat trickled down his yellow forehead as he folded the paper up and placed it in his pocket; his agitation, however, was but momentary, and did not prevent him from responding to the king's remark.

"I do tremble, sire; your majesty's confidence overpowers me."

Louis looked steadily at the minister, as though much astonished to discover that he possessed so large an amount of susceptibility.

"I have disagreeable intelligence for your majesty," continued D'Argenson, remarking the monarch's action; "St. Marc informs me that—here he lowered his voice—"the Iron-Mask has again committed himself."

At the mention of that mysterious man's name the countenance of Louis Quatorze underwent a marked alteration; it became alternately pale and flushed, and his brows contracted convulsively together, whilst his whole frame shook as with the palsy.

"What—what has occurred?" asked he, tremulously.

D'Argenson recounted the tale told him by the governor of the Bastille respecting the man's attempt to communicate with the exterior, and handed him the notes found by the sentinels, terminating his recital by informing the king what instructions he, D'Argenson, had given to St. Marc, commanding a stricter surveillance of his mysterious captive.

The monarch listened with profound emotion to the minister's account, and having perused the billets, tore them up into tiny fragments, when motioning to D'Argenson, the latter threw them into the fire, watching them until they were entirely consumed; he then resumed his seat.

"Unfortunate, ill-fated man!" exclaimed the king, sighing deeply; "the punishment of the mother's crime has fallen heavily indeed upon thee! But 'tis better so!" and a tear rolled down his flushed cheek as he thus gave expression to his inmost thoughts.

"*Pater et quem nuptia demonstrant!*" ejaculated D'Argenson, sentimentally.

Louis Quatorze started as if some venomous reptile had stung his foot; he became painfully affected, trembling convulsively—evidently struggling to obtain the mastery over the intense emotion that the remark had excited—covering his face with both hands, he remained a few moments silent; when he removed them, it had assumed its wonted calmness, but there was a severity in its expression, as in the tone of his voice, that chilled the minister to the heart.

"Yes, that is the terrible secret, indeed, monseigneur," said the monarch; "the whole secret of his unhappy destiny! But beware how thou loatest it escape thy lips!"

"The solemn oaths by which I am bound, sire, would alone set a seal on my tongue."

"Yes, yes!" resumed Louis, still intensely excited; "'twas necessary for thee to know it; but 'twere death to another! Alas, that it must be so!"

The solemnity of the monarch's grief, as he uttered this last sentence, produced a painful impression—though only a transitory one—upon the flinty minister, who, ashamed of the indiscretion of which he had been guilty, hastened to cast himself at his royal master's feet.

"Pardon, sire!" said he, in a deprecatory tone; "pardon the allusion; it was involuntary."

"Rise, monseigneur," replied the magnanimous monarch, with a gesture and a look full of dignity; "I have nothing to pardon—leave me—unless you have anything more to communicate!"

D'Argenson falteringly answered in the negative, and bowing to the king, quitted his presence with a dogged air—much mortified and chafed at his peremptory dismissal.

As he left the apartment, Louis ejaculated,

"Would that I could find an honest man to take his place!"

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE CALOTTE OF THE BERTAUDIERE TOWER.—ST. LEU MAKES ACQUAINTANCE WITH SOME OF HIS PREDECESSORS THEREIN.

Let us now return to the unfortunate inmates of the Bertaudiere.

St. Leu was suffered to remain only a very few hours in the den to which the governor's satellites consigned him, immediately after his forcible separation from Julie; but so overwhelming was he by the heavy calamity that had befallen him, that he fell into a state of stupor, from which he was only awakened by the abrupt entry of Ru and Corb , who came to conduct him to another chamber.

The latter preceded him up the three flight of stairs that led to the calotte—his new abode—Ru, holding a lighted torch, bringing up the rear; almost mechanically, St. Leu followed his guides, until they arrived at the iron plated door that formed the outer limit of his future dwelling, when they exchanged places, Corb  taking the torch from Ru, and falling behind, whilst the latter, in his capacity of *porte-cl fs*, unlocked the door of the dungeon, and ushered them into it.

Up to this moment not a word had been uttered by either party, but as soon as they had entered, Corb  bowed very low, and extending one hand, to which he imparted a circular motion, observed:

"This is monseigneur's apartment."

St. Leu looked around him, clasping his hands in an agony of grief that deprived him of the power of utterance; Corb  noticed the disgust that his countenance too evidently betrayed, and in way of mitigating the horrors of the cell, remarked, pointing towards the slit in the wall:

"There's a very fine view of Paris from the window!"

"Yes!" echoed Ru, who was just then engaged in arranging the pallet and rug intended to serve as the prisoner's bed; "there is—a very fine view; only you can't see much of it."

Perceiving that the prisoner made no reply, Corb  hazarded another conciliatory remark:

"You may have a fire if you like, monseigneur," said he, pointing to the wood in the recess.

"Yes," observed the satellite; "monseigneur can have a fire! (if he wants to be smothered!)"

"What horrid hole is this to which you have brought me?" ejaculated St. Leu, looking impudently at his jailers; "am I to remain here?"

"Until further orders, monseigneur," answered Corb .

"But by whose command have I been arrested?" resumed the prisoner; "and what is my offence? am I unconscious of having incurred his majesty's displeasure—have I committed no crime?"

"That's not my business," replied the lieutenant-governor, interrupting him; "all I have now to do is to search you!"

"Stand off, wretch!" cried the young officer, receding from him; "I will spare you the trouble; resistance I know would be abortive, but you shall not lay a finger on me; I will voluntarily give up what I have about me, if that is all you want."

"It is my duty to demand everything," replied Corb , with a derisive inclination of the body; "you will have your effects returned when you regain your liberty."

"Yes!" muttered Ru, "except what you keep."

"I have only a purse," resumed St. Leu, taking it out and handing it to Ru, who stood between himself and Corb ; "it contains—"

"A purse!" observed the *porte-cl fs*, as the lieutenant-governor approached the light, and taking a pen, a small ink-holder, and a piece of paper from his pocket, began to write; "an embroidered purse, containing—" here he emptied the money into his hand.

"An embroidered purse containing—" muttered Corb , writing.

"Seven louis," continued Ru, returning that number into the purse, and dexterously conveying three of the glittering coins into the pocket of his jerkin.

"Two louis," said Corb , appropriating the difference to himself with a great amount of coolness; "anything else?"

St. Leu, perceiving the inutility of remonstrating against this system of twofold robbery, answered negatively; his sword had been taken from him on his entry.

"Nothing! no papers?" observed the lieutenant-governor, interrogatingly.

"A few private letters only," answered St. Leu, the blood rushing up into his hitherto pallid cheek; for the letters were from his betrothed Julie.

"You must give them up," said Corb , positively.

"I tell you that they are private—strictly private," remonstrated the young man; "they cannot possibly be of any service to any one."

"You don't know that," responded the other, in a still more peremptory tone of voice; "they may contain some important information—some secret."

"What!" cried St. Leu, indignantly; "are they then to be read? Never!"

And withdrawing the precious packet from its repository in his breast, he carried it to his lips, and instantly after thrust it into the flames of the torch, holding it there until entirely consumed; "there!" continued he, dashing the red ashes into Corb 's face, "take them!"

Recovering from his astonishment, Corb  vented his anger and malice in a series of oaths and execrations, interspersed with sundry savage looks at the prisoner, intimating very comprehensively and with not less point, the gratification he experienced at having him within his grasp, conjointly with a latent intention of balancing accounts with him at the earliest opportunity.

"I would advise you to be less violent," at length muttered Corb , scowling hideously at the prisoner; "you will find it better in the end, for we have the law on our side. I shall report this conduct to monseigneur le governor."

The young officer heard the lieutenant-governor's menace with a scornful smile, but disdaining any reply thereto, snapped his fingers by way of expressing his contempt for the same. At this moment Ru stepped up to Corb  and whispered something in his ear, which caused the latter to direct his gaze more particularly to the young man's neck.

"You have something suspended from your neck," said he; "what is it?"

"A miniature," responded St. Leu.

"You must give it up," reiterated the former.

"I will," replied St. Leu, in a firm voice, "but not while I have life!"

There was something so determined, so desperate in his air and attitude—intrenched as he kept himself in the recess—that Corb , though he wore a sword, had not courage to attack him, nor did Ru manifest the slightest desire to set his superior the example, notwithstanding the earnestness with which he fingered his ponderous keys—an unequivocal hint that he felt an irresistible inclination to convert the same into offensive weapons, could he only do it without incurring personal risk; having stood thus for a few moments irresolute, the pair exchanged whispers and glances, and commenced a deliberate retreat, Corb  lighting the *porte-cl fs*, whilst the latter opened the massive doors. As they disappeared, St. Leu abandoned his intrenched position, and listening anxiously to their departing footsteps, groped his way to his pallet.

His anguish, notwithstanding, was less acute on the score of the incarceration itself, than on that of the circumstances attending it, for to find Julie a prisoner in such a place alone sufficed to increase it tenfold; thus, in the thought of her sufferings, he lost all consciousness of his own misfortune.

How did he now condemn his suspicions of her fidelity; how dwell upon the thousand proofs she had shown of her love for him, and of her anxiety for his consummation! How swiftly the blood rushed through his bursting veins, increasing twenty-fold the pulsations of his heart, as memory reproduced her every smile and look.

He now felt persuaded that she, like himself, had fallen a victim to some horrible plot; he knew it must be so, though why he knew it must be so he could not tell; it was impossible she could prove false—her nature was all truth, all innocence, all virtue. Who then could be the destroyer of their peace? Who was he—the mysterious monk from whom St. Marc, on that fatal night, procured the ring? By what strange chance had her abode been discovered?

He thought too of the letter which he had written to her, and commissioned St. Marc to deliver. Every reproach that he had therein cast upon her now fell back upon himself with a hundred-fold more poignancy. If she had received that letter, what tortures had he thereby inflicted upon the heart he so prized! The anguish which the consciousness of his injustice excited was, however, allayed by a secret hope that the missive had not yet reached her; his mind became calmer; he fell asleep, and dreamt of Julie.

What sounds are those that disturb the midnight solitude? Music, and a human voice singing in captivity! Can then happiness exist in a dungeon? Ah, that song is not of joy but sorrow, yet the plaintive melody awakens feelings that almost belong not to sadness, so completely does it detach the mind from present suffering.

St. Leu sat upright upon his couch, and strove to discover whence the sounds proceeded; he found they came from the cell immediately beneath his own, and listened more attentively still, hoping to distinguish the burden of the chant; in this he was unsuccessful, though he recognized the melody to be of Provencal origin, which led him to infer that the prisoner was from that province, a belief wherein he was strengthened by the circumstance of the unfortunate individual, whoever he was, accompanying himself upon a guitar, or some similar instrument, such as the natives use. At length the stranger ceased singing; all again relapsed into stillness, and St. Leu, distracted by a hundred conflicting emotions, fell into a disturbed sleep, from which he awoke in the morning, cold and unrested, and some length of time before Ru made his appearance.

This functionary brought him his breakfast, together with a pitcher of water, a tinder-box and matches, and pointing to the wood in the recess, then to the hearth, quitted the cell without uttering a word the whole time that he remained in it, not exceeding two minutes.

St. Leu was so unprepared to see him, and so surprised at the rapidity of his movements, that he had no opportunity of questioning him, though he intended to do so; determining, notwithstanding, to carry out that intention when the man next should make his appearance. He proceeded to partake of the meal provided for him at the expense of the Government, for he had tasted nothing for forty-eight hours.

Whether owing to the secret instructions conveyed in the letter of anticipation, or to the rank of the prisoner, as holding his majesty's commission in the corps d'elite of the musketeers, neither the quality nor the quantity of the provisions left anything to be desired; the wine too was of a good vintage; so that by the time he had completed his meal, he found his strength and spirits comparatively restored to their usual tone, and in order to pass away the time began examining his dungeon more minutely.

It is almost needless to state that a hope of escape never entered his brain; he knew that in this respect his efforts must prove unsuccessful, for, with the exception of the door, which was too securely fastened, and the window which was so narrow as nearly to exclude the light, only the chimney offered him any chance of gaining the exterior, and the latter aperture he knew to be guarded by the sentinels on the platform.

Although his reflections were far from encouraging, he did not despond, neither despair of regaining his liberty; his principal, indeed his sole anxiety, was for the safety of Julie, an interview with whom he determined to gain by bribing one of his jailors to connive thereto; he therefore awaited their appearance with the greatest impatience.

But they came not; and the hours lagged heavily on, and found the prisoner still in expectation, listening to catch the sound of a bell, to warn him of the time of day—in vain seeking to mark the descent of the van towards the west; he could only conjecture from the time that had elapsed since Ru's last visit, that it must be long after noon; but beyond this his judgment was at fault. Shivering with cold, he began to collect fuel to kindle a fire, for the proximity of the cell to the roof of the tower did not tend to raise the temperature of the atmosphere within, its state without being sufficiently indicated by the moisture that had oozed into large drops from the walls, and now clung there half frozen.

He had, however, scarcely applied a light to the damp logs, than he perceived by the dense volume of smoke that rushed out into the chamber, that there was an obstruction in the chimney; he was therefore compelled to extinguish the fire, to avoid suffocation, and with this additional inconvenience, patiently awaited the arrival of Ru.

At length, as daylight began to decline, Ru made his appearance, much to the relief of St. Leu; he brought the prisoner's second repast, which, like the first, was abundant and of good quality. Having laid out the same, he set up a candle in an old iron candlestick, placed it upon the table, and pointing to the viands, brought his code of signals into play, to intimate that every article was of the first quality.

"Friend!" exclaimed St. Leu, perceiving that Ru was on the point of vanishing, "a word with you."

The jailor shook his head, but stopped short in the doorway, staring intently at his interrogator.

"I must have a fire," resumed St. Leu, "but I cannot kindle one; the chimney is choked up!"

"St. Marc would laugh at you," answered Ru; "a smoky chimney saves his wood! You must go to bed; then you want a fire?"

So saying, he turned on his heel, and was on the point of quitting the cell—having his hand already on the heavy door—when St. Leu again addressed him, deeming prudent, for the sake of the information he hoped to obtain, to overlook his insolence.

"Stay!" said he; "tell me, do you know this face?" and drawing the miniature of Julie from his bosom, he exhibited it to Ru.

The latter cast upon it a rapid glance, and nodded his head affirmatively.

"How long has she been here, friend?" said the former, hurriedly; "answer me that, and I will one day handsomely reward you."

Ru shrugged his shoulders, hitched up his eyebrows, shut his eyes, pursed up his mouth, extended his hand very significantly, and lastly shook his head negatively, implying, that though he knew all about it, he could not tell the inquirer, because he durst not, and that even if he durst, he would not, unless paid for it; all which St. Leu perfectly understood.

"I have nothing to give you," said he, sorrowfully, "but you will not refuse to tell me where she is confined."

The *porte-cl fs* stared at the speaker with a comic look of concern, and thumping his left side very hard, muttered the word "Bridget," heaving a sigh, then pointing down towards the bellows of a smith's forge while in full operation; then pointing downwards, three or four times with his bunch of keys, made a precipitate retreat, as though equally afraid of the indication he had committed as desirous of avoiding the opportunity of committing another.

As soon as he was gone, St. Leu imparted a kiss upon the beautiful image that he held, and replaced it in his bosom; he sighed as he thought of her fate—yet it was a consolation—a slight one, perhaps, but a consolation still—to know that he was so near her; he found the dungeon likewise, only because its walls were interposed between him and the object of his love.

Ru's hint at the governor's avarice served to fortify St. Leu in a resolution that he held, and replaced it in his bosom; he sighed as he thought of her fate—yet it was a consolation—a slight one, perhaps, but a consolation still—to know that he was so near her; he found the dungeon likewise, only because its walls were interposed between him and the object of his love.

Leaving his meal untouched until his task should be completed, he cast off a portion of his clothes, and strengthening himself with a glass of the wine Ru had brought, lighted the candle—for it was now dark—and proceeded to examine the aperture; it was scarcely wide enough to admit his body, but by

great exertion—cutting and bruising his hands and knees in the attempt—he succeeded in forcing himself a part of the way up, until he found his further progress arrested by a thick bar of iron; in vain he essayed to remove it, for still suffering from the effects of his wound, his strength was unequal to the task, and he was nearly abandoning it, when he imagined that the bar could possibly be bent sufficiently out of its place to afford a passage for his shoulders; accordingly he redoubled his exertions, and after reiterated efforts, perceived that it gave way; at length he forced it so much aside that he was enabled to pass through the barrier; but a few feet higher up, another difficulty presented itself in the shape of a second obstruction of a similar kind; again his courage failed him, for his strength was almost expended, when to his great joy he discovered that the second bar was loose—probably in consequence of not having been securely fixed in the origin, or of the cement having since given way—still, nearly an hour elapsed before he could tear it from the masonry, and even when obtained, he feared to employ it, lest he should alarm the sentinels above, whose footsteps, as they paced the platform, he now distinctly heard. His irresolution, however, was but of short duration; and having rested awhile, he recommenced his ascent, nor had proceeded very much higher, when, in an elbow of the aperture, and forming a compact mass, he found accumulated a quantity of hay, straw, old cement, pieces of brick and stone, sticks, and various kinds of rubbish, that had evidently been thrown into it from without; plying his iron bar, he soon succeeded—much to the danger of his eyes and person, from the falling dust and stones—in entirely dislodging the obstruction, which task completed, he regained his cell.

He conjectured, judging by the more than half-burnt candle, that his labor had occupied him fully three hours, and, guided by the appearance of the day when Ru arrived, that it must now be nearly eight o'clock. His first care was to conceal the iron bar that he had procured, struck with a sudden thought that it might be of service some other time; he then proceeded to wash off the dirt and blood that begrimed his person, for his legs and hands were severely lacerated and bled freely; this done he dressed himself, and clearing the hearth of the mass of rubbish that had fallen, proceeded to kindle a fire, more for comfort's sake than for warmth, for his late exertion had thrown him into a profuse perspiration. To his great relief, he perceived that the smoke followed its natural bent, the wood, though damp, began to crackle and blaze, imparting a portion of the cheerfulness so peculiar to itself to every object in the cell. St. Leu drew up the rickety table as close to it as he conveniently could, placed the not less rickety chair by its side, and seating himself therein soon consumed the viands whose first-rate quality Ru had so much vaunted.

Against blighted affections woman bears up with less energy than man, for at the hazard table of love she stakes at a venture her whole existence, her entire being, her all, alas! often, too often, to retire ruined. And now no longer can she contend against the frightful intensity of her sufferings, the fountains of her heart are broken up, she must die of the shock, or become an outcast, or sit down alone and weep, until, fretted to its last fibre, the thread of life snaps.

Not so with man; a disappointment of the heart may overwhelm him at first, but his pursuits tend to divert his thoughts into a variety of channels, and he soon yields to new temptations—thereforeforward he looks upon love with disenchantment, regards it as a plaything, a chimera, an unreality, a will-o'-the-wisp, ever flitting before him, but which, though ever chasing it, he never more can come up with.

Approximating to these latter on the score of the reality of love, were St. Leu's thoughts on learning from St. Marc the story of the ring. The first shock prostrated him, but he gradually recovered from it, and in the excitement arising from disappointment, penned a letter to Julie full of bitter reproaches.

To find she was in the Bastille dispelled his doubts; but the new and heavier calamity that had overtaken him prostrated his spirits still more than the first. The lethargy into which he sunk was, however, only transitory; he awoke from it suddenly, and, as out of a refreshing sleep, with his mind restored to its usual energy, towards which happy consummation the excitement of the late scene had mainly contributed. Buoyed up by the hope of procuring an interview with his betrothed, he now felt comparatively resigned to his position, nor perceived the difficulty of accomplishing the project he entertained until he began to reflect upon the means of attaining it.

(To be continued.)

CHIEF ENGINEER DANIEL B. MARTIN, U. S. N.

THE subject of this sketch, Chief Engineer Daniel B. Martin, United States Navy, was born in New Jersey on the 18th of March, 1812. He gave early evidence of great inventive genius, and was placed under the late Robert L. Stevens, with whom he served fourteen years. His studies were thorough, and enabled him to procure in 1842 the appointment of Assistant Engineer in the United States Navy. He was first placed on board the Mississippi, and from thence was sent on board of a small vessel to survey the coast of Florida. In 1845 he joined the Mississippi and sailed for the coast of Mexico. In May, 1846, war was declared with Mexico, and the Mississippi was placed on the blockade of Vera Cruz. The following October, Commodore Perry being in command, resolved on the expediency of the capture of Tobasco, a town some distance up the Tobasco River. Having this in view, he took the Mississippi and towed a number of small vessels to the mouth of the Tobasco River, but found he could ascend it against the tide only by the use of a steamer of light draught of water. Such a vessel happened to be anchored close in shore, in the hands of the enemy. Commodore Perry decided to capture her, which was accordingly soon accomplished. But on taking possession of her, it was discovered that the Mexicans had disarranged the machinery in such a manner as they thought would prevent the vessel's removal; they also had her anchored in a position that, when the officers boarded her, they (the Mexicans) would fire on her from shore.

Engineer Martin volunteered his services for this emergency, and under the enemy's fire, for many hours, he labored with hand and brain, ingeniously applying devices to replace parts of the machinery thrown overboard by the enemy.

This feat was, after hours of toil, and the balls from the enemy falling around him, performed by the faithful engineer—an act worthy of praise, and well remembered by his companions.

Commodore Perry then placed Mr. Martin (as it were) in charge, and he steamed the enemy's boat, exulting, up the river with the other boats in tow. The town was bombarded and taken—the first naval victory of the war. For this brave act Mr. Martin was rewarded by promotion to the rank of a Chief Engineer in the Navy.

Subsequently he contracted the yellow fever, and was returned home, that his valuable life might be preserved.

He was next detailed to superintend the construction of the machinery of the Saranac, which has proved so great a success. His services were then loaned to the Collins' line of steamers, he being selected as the most capable among the engineering corps, and to his able services the line owes much of its great reputation.

The Navy Department needed the services of an able head in the Engineering Bureau, and after looking about for months for the proper man, President Pierce, in October, 1853, appointed Mr. Martin Engineer-in-Chief of the Navy, an office requiring great ability, judgment and discretion.

In 1854, Mr. Martin was appointed by the Government on a visit of inspection to note all the improvements in the marine and steam navy in the various dockyards of Europe. He acquitted himself of this arduous duty with honor and credit, and on his return was made President of the Board of Engineers, to decide upon the plans and specifications for the entire machinery for the six large steam frigates ordered to be built. His plans superseded all others; and he originated the boilers placed in all. These boilers are known as the "Martin boilers," and their adoption has saved the Government hundreds of thousands of dollars in the article of fuel alone.

The distinguished success and the great ability of Mr. Martin raised up against him a host of enemies, ambitious engineers, disappointed patentees, foiled contractors, aided by a host of political lobby-hacks, whose endeavors to rob the Treasury were frustrated by the firm integrity of Mr. Martin; all these combining in a treacherous cabal succeeded in bringing sufficient political influence to bear, which resulted in his removal from the office of Chief Engineer of the Navy by the President, Mr. Buchanan. This act caused deep regret among the officers of the Navy generally. Mr. Martin still retains his position of Chief Engineer, and is at present superintending the construction of the machinery of the United States sloop of war Brooklyn. He recently received the gratifying compliment of being asked by the Emperor of Russia, through his officers here, to supervise the machinery of the Grand Admiral, now building at Mr. William Webb's yard. To this complimentary request he acceded.

In person Mr. Martin is of medium height, with large, muscular developments, and physically capable of undergoing much labor. He is a peculiar specimen of many sons of this Republic, self-made, self-informed and self-directed. He is strong and decided in his opinions, liberal in his sentiments, warm in his friendship and generous in nature. Married in early life to a lady of his own town, he has ever found his highest happiness in his own domestic circle, graced at present by a charming daughter, scarce bloomed into womanhood, and an intelligent son a few years her senior.

"Do you believe in second love, Mither McQuade?"

"Do I believe in second love? Umph. If a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it swate? And when it's gone don't he want another pound, and isn't that swate too? Troth, Murphy, I believe in second love!"

THE PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE—BUCHANAN AND HIS CABINET.

By Our Fanny Contributor.

TUNE—Villains and his Dinah.

[NOTE.—The intelligent reader will probably perceive that the exigencies of rhyme have compelled our funny contributor to deviate occasionally from the exact phraseology of the original document. We must, however, acknowledge that the spirit is most wonderfully preserved. Indeed it is more truly American than the great original Jacobs himself.]

FELLOW-CITIZENS of the Senate and House of Representatives, I'm going to make a speech which I hope you'll not prevent. It will only make ten columns of FRANK LESLIE'S MAGAZINE; And when you bear in mind that it might have been eighteen, You are favored most confoundingly, as plainly can be seen. For by the Constitution I've a right to speak, I know, Until the 4th of March comes round and I am forced to go.

Kansas.

I'll begin now by observing that I will not say a word On the great Lecompton swindle—for that would be absurd— Miss Kansas was as stubborn as daughters often prove, And, unlike Desdemona, she would not a nigger love. I therefore recommend that some cash be voted me, For a census of the citizens who are wishing to be free.

Utah.

With regard now to the war I have had in far-off Utah, Things were in such a precious mess I couldn't well stand neuter; It riled a bachelor mightily to read, while Young had got Just sixty wives, I'd nary one to boil my coffee-pot, And therefore I arranged with Cummings there to share 'em, And so I want some cash of you to build myself a harem.

China.

I mentioned in my last, sirs, that I had ordered Reed To take no part in fighting—since warriors sometimes bleed, And bleeding is expensive, for wounds are dress'd with mint, And that costs silver dollars from the Philadelphia Mint— But if he could discover a chance to steal a bit While the fellows there were scrimmaging, he then could show his wit. And well my chosen Reed has done what he was told to do, For he's brought a sheet of paper home signed "Chi Chih-Bung Foo-Foo." This amply proves the wisdom of my counsel; all must see I shall want a little money to pay for all this tea.

Japan.

I'm also happy to announce another treaty's made With these Japanese, fine fellows, who dress in silk brocade. I have not the slightest doubt this will prove as beneficial As the one we made before it—but this is non-official— For these fellows never seem to want the articles we grow, I shall, therefore, want a little cash to pay for this also.

Great Britain.

With regard to that old enemy, that toothless British beast, Who lost his sharpest grinders at the great Crimean feast, He got my dander up by blundering on a deck Where hung the stars and stripes—so I gave John Bull a check; For as he strutted through the Gulf, so fierce my valor grew, I hired great Dodsworth's band, and played "Hail! Yankee doodle do!" And, fellow-citizens, to me that mighty triumph's due; I shall want a little money to put the matter through.

Mexico.

The subject I've to mention is enough to vex, I know; It is our long account against darned Mexico. But what's the good of asking her to settle up her bill, I think she is about to die—she's really very ill. But as she has no cash remaining in her till, I think we'd better steal some land ere she, poor critter, fall— I only wish, by thunder, we had pluck to steal it all! But as burglary's expensive, I shall want a little cash, Like a very prudent wanton ere she ventures to be rash.

Paraguay.

I also think it right to say I've fitted out a fleet Which will doubtless be victorious if no fighting it should meet; For like the valiant Winkle (Puffer Hopsins tells the tale) Who felt so much excited when he heard "Columbia Hail!" That he carefully selected the smallest boy he saw, And deliberately pitched into him with very great zeal. But let us pray the gentle fates the foe will not be rough, And that the river Parana draws of water quite enough, Or else it's my opinion, 'tis really fair I say, The gallant Subrick and his sails will die in Paraguay. (Here 207 pages are missing.—Ed. F. L. I. P.)

Spain.

I come now to the very worst of all the ills I've got. That darned old Spain has ever been the ugliest of the lot; We've o'er and o'er again been insulted by that power, But got no satisfaction o'en to this blessed hour. She has fired at our steamers—gone as far as man can go— And when we asked apology has danced a fandango. I therefore recommend that we should raise a pile Of many million dollars, and buy their beautiful isle.

Conclusion.

I think I've told you all, so now I'll say "good-bye!" I've but a word to add—but that is on the sly— And over all I beg you'll not tell J. G. B., Or else that wicked ogre will play old scratch with me, And the counsel that I give you all is—buy F. L. I.

NOTE.—It is a singular coincidence—accidental, of course—that J. G. B. are the initials of the editor of the New York Herald, and, not less remarkable, that F. L. I. P. stands for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. A somewhat flip-pant way of giving advice.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, December 7, 1858.

If you wish to look at Washington when it is busiest, come here the week before Congress opens, for all is then hurry and confusion. Every train brings crowds of strangers and members of Congress; every boat, car and cart is loaded with produce for the hotels and boarding-houses. The streets are full of men hunting houses, rooms and boarding-places; the hotels are in inextinguishable confusion and vexatious uproar. Wait just one week, and it will all subside like a swelling sea before a drenching rain. Next week the scene changes—the uproar, the noise, the bustle, are shifted to the Congressional halls.

Already the prominent Congressmen are here. The family of Mr. Seward have taken a new house not far from the President's, and occupying a neighboring position towards Lord Napier's residence. The two men are cordially intimate. Senator Dixon, of Connecticut, and family have also taken a house in the same region, and they are intimate with the families of both Seward and Lord Napier. There are many distinguished public men in this country who do not understand the art of social life, if I may use such language. Mr. Dixon and family make a deep impression here, socially speaking, last winter. The Senator is not only a politician but a lover of general literature, and an accomplished conversationalist. Several of the Southern Senators and Representatives excel in this respect, and fill very prominent places in Washington society.

Among the new-comers already here, I may mention Senator Gwin, who is just from a European trip. Mrs. Gwin has the reputation of giving some of the most brilliant and interesting parties, and her husband is, physically, one of the most commanding of the Senators.

Mr. Douglas is absent as yet, and his mansion, at the head of New Jersey avenue, is shut. Washington society is not in its normal condition without Mrs. Douglas, who is an accomplished woman. The Judge himself is socially one of the pleasantest men in the world—easy, witty, excellent at story-telling, and always putting the stranger instantly at his ease—the essence of true politeness. His good nature is such that he is often carried by the lobby-agents and the place-hunters. Men, too, who have great jobs to get through Congress are the plague to good-natured, polite Congressmen, and the lobby swarms here already. Many of its members are respectable, honorable men; but some are too much like certain Aldermen in the city of New York—venal, corrupt, levying black mail upon contractors and the owners of claims.

We have a new class of characters in Washington this week, and that is English bankers in Mexico; and they urge upon the Government interference with the factions now ruining that country. An Englishman who has lived so long in Mexico as to fall into the national customs and habits, is a novel sight here, and he is welcomed into society. But the Englishman, wherever he goes, never loses his love of freedom; though the reason why English creditors are at this juncture believers in annexation or some kind of a protectorate is, that unless some such event occurs, their debts have a poor chance of collection.

The President, it is said, is worn down by his multiplied cares at this season of the year. It is no easy matter to settle the Administration policy upon a dozen different questions, as he must when he delivers his Annual Message—especially when he deals between a multitude of contrarious counselors; and this, with other vexation, wears upon his health.

In a day or two we have two or three new journals. John Mitchell starts his *Citizen*, Roger Pryor and Major Heiss renovate *The States*, and Mr. Johnson issues the first number of a religious magazine.

Next week I will give you a bird's-eye view of the opening of the Session of Congress.

SIDNEY.

WASHINGTON, D.C., December 11. The first week of the second Congress has passed away, and as it possesses some salient points for a descriptive attack, I will "at them." The first week of any Session is usually interesting, and is attended by a host of strangers. At precisely twelve o'clock, Monday, Congress went at its work as if there had not been a recess of half a year. In the House, when the pointer stood at twelve, Speaker Orr lifted his gavel, and rap rap rap it sounded over all parts of the great hall. His shrill voice then called out, "The House will come to order!" In another second a Washington clergyman opened the Session with prayer, and the House was at once in the midst of business. The stranger could easily see, however, that it was the first day of a Session, for the galleries were crowded, and the members upon the floor were unusually buoyant and good-natured. Little knots of them were gathered everywhere, shaking hands, laughing and talking. In one corner two or three members were actually indulging in make-believe fatigues. The good-nature of the House was extraordinary; no such thing as Lecompton or anti-Lecompton, slavery or anti-slavery being known for the hour.

In the Senate there was more dignity and less excitability. The Senate hall wore the old air of quiet, and the youthful Vice-President took his chair amid a profound silence. A quorum was present, and two or three new Senators were sworn in and took their seats. Among those present was Seward, who leaned back, unconcernedly, in his chair, with his chin upon his bosom; Hale, of New Hampshire, rosy as a June morning, and round and jolly as the keeper of a Dutch tavern; the tall and dignified Fessenden, of Maine; the busy, round-faced Gen. Wilson, of Massachusetts; the handsome, youthful Dixon, of Connecticut; the muscular Broderick and white-haired Gwin of California; the silent and gentlemanly Davis, of Mississippi; the large-featured Silldell, of Louisiana; the slim, neatly-dressed Clay, of Alabama; and others "too numerous to mention."

The Senate galleries were worth a moment's notice, for not a few of the Senators' wives and daughters "were gathered there" to gaze down upon their husbands and fathers. The accommodations in the Senate galleries are so mean that many are deterred from going into them, but on extraordinary occasions they are sure to hold a brilliant collection of Washington ladies, the wives of Senators and Cabinet Ministers, and the Foreign Ambassadors. The dress display is often nearly equal to that of a first-class party, but the fact that these ladies are quite likely to sit next a man in rags detracts somewhat from the pleasure of the occasion. The new Senate hall will be decidedly popular with the ladies, for in it they will have ample room and a gallery entirely to themselves. The press will have in it better accommodations also, as well as the public generally. It can be got ready in a fortnight if it is wanted, but the Senators are conservative, and will hardly move into the new hall while it is surrounded by rude masses of fresh brick and mortar.

Among all the old faces to be seen in Senate and House, we miss sadly two which will never again light up the Hall of Representatives. Harris of Illinois and Quitman of Mississippi leave vacancies which it will be almost impossible to fill. They were both brave and noble, and were beloved by men of all parties. They were often pointed out last winter to strangers as two of the most distinguished members in the House, and as models in their conduct there. Both were soldiers and fellow-officers in the same campaign, and they seemed to have brought there all the virtues of the warrior and to have left his faults behind. They were courageous but gentle, bold but careful of the feelings of others, and not domineering; and I believe neither of them, during all the fierce and tempestuous struggles of the late Session, for once lost his temper, though both took an active and prominent part in the business of the House. Such men we miss, and cannot spare without a tear, but it is such, how often, that go first. Go to the Congressional Cemetery and see how many brilliant names are recorded there—how many who were leaders in the Congressional contests—now resting "after life's fitful fever."

SIDNEY.

DEATH OF ALI GHALIB PASHA.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of last week you have transferred to your columns, under the caption of "Tragic Fate of Ali Ghalib Pasha, Son-in-Law of the Sultan," an extract from a letter, evidently written by a Frenchman, to the *Semaphore de Marseille*.

The malignity of that letter is so evident that it scarcely needs a refutation; but you seem to have been influenced by it so far, as to say, "His highness, like other Fifth avenue dandies, was evidently tight." Fearing that the same injustice might be done to the lamented Ali Ghalib by your numerous readers, I hereby take the liberty to expose the calumnies of the correspondent above alluded to, whose object is to convey the impression that the son of the great Reshid was "contemptible alike in intellect and moral character, destitute of nearly every quality that could win either affection or respect," and that the untimely end of his career was the natural consequence of his debauched life, &c.

Ali Ghalib is the third son of Reshid Pasha, Mehemed Bey, the eldest, for some time acted in the capacity of private secretary to the Sultan, and is now Ambassador in France. Ahmed Bey is a colonel in the army, and Ali Ghalib, at an early age, filled various posts in the Ministry.

When Reshid went to England and France as Ambassador from the Sublime Porte, he took his children with him, and they were instructed there by proper masters. Nor on his return did he neglect their education, for he secured the services of two well-educated Frenchmen, Messrs. Rouet and Gandon, the one an *élève* of the Polytechnique, and actually French Consul at Constantinople, and the other a professor.

At an early age Ali Ghalib showed such superior intelligence and amiability of temper, that he became the favorite of his father and of the people in general.

Reshid was proud of him, and regarded him as the prop of his house. He was a capital Turkish scholar, and was also well versed in French literature, and in the English also to some extent.

When, at the age of eighteen, he was first brought into contact with the official dignitaries of the State, he evinced so much good sense and ability that he gained their esteem and confidence, and became, as it were, the marvel of the day. The fame of this extraordinary youth reached the ears of the Sultan, who, after a personal acquaintance, concluded to bestow his daughter upon him in marriage. This alliance with royalty elevated him at once to a sort of peerage in the realm. He was appointed Member of the Council of State, Minister of Finance, of Commerce, of Pious Foundations and of Foreign Affairs.

In personal appearance he was unlike his father or his brothers, except in the sturdiness of his stature. He was florid, and had light hair and beard, with an open and pleasing countenance.

Of affable and amiable temperament, with the love of pleasure natural to his youth and a Sultana for a wife, it is no wonder he sometimes launched into extravagance, or that, with the other sons-in-law of the Sultan, he lately incurred the royal displeasure.

But because he went upon a picnic, which is a universal custom in his country, there is no reason to infer that he led a life of debauchery. Or to attribute the late disaster and subversion of his boat to his own condition of supposed inebriety is even more absurd; for he could not have been acting the oarsman nor in any way controlling the barge, as the correspondent seems to insinuate.

But why this gratuitous effort on the part of the Frenchman to malign a worthy and distinguished personage? It is because Ali Ghalib, like his illustrious father, held the English in higher esteem than their volatile and Gallic neighbors, which esteem he also extended to the Americans, who are regarded as a branch of the Anglo-Saxon family.

As an evidence of this fact, permit me to relate an incident: At the time of the great Industrial Exhibition of New York it was proposed in the Grand Council of the Porte, of which Ali Ghalib was then a member, to allow the goods to pass free of export duty. Some one observed that the amount ought to be limited. Ali Ghalib strenuously insisted that no restriction should be placed upon the enterprise. He said, "It is highly important that our country should be represented at the American fair as it was at London. But persons who sent their goods to England having, through some mismanagement, suffered injustice and loss, our Government cannot again call upon the people. It is, therefore, gratifying to know that a private individual has been induced, through my Americanized friend—jocosely alluding to the writer—to undertake the enterprise on his own account. Let us sustain him to the utmost, and grant him every facility."

The untimely end of this youthful and distinguished statesman, of such liberal dispositions, is to be deeply regretted, even by Americans, towards whom he entertained the most kindly sentiments. And while we do justice to his memory, let his ashes rest in peace.

OSCANYAN.

The Cooper Lectures.—Professor Porter, of Yale College, has delivered the first of a series of lectures designed to promote among the poorer classes a more intimate knowledge of physical and moral science. The particular subject he chose was the Science of the Ancients. It was a pleasant discourse upon all the wild-goose speculations of the great dreamers and experimenters, which have finally, however, always led to great practical results. From astrology came astronomy, and from alchemy came chemistry—just as a superstition generally lays the foundation of rational religion. Considering the erudite nature of the lecture, Professor Porter was highly successful in investing it with popular interest.

CHESS.

All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

MORPHY TESTIMONIAL.—We now begin the publication of such contributions as may be sent to us (box 2495), to be applied at the proper time to the fund for the contemplated testimonial to Mr. Morphy on his return from Europe. If each Chess-player will contribute but a trifle (\$1 to \$5), the fund will soon grow into respectability. It gives us peculiar pleasure to begin our list with the name of Mr. Paulsen, whose voluntary contribution from the Far West should be an example to all:

Louis Paulsen, Dubuque, Iowa.....\$4 00
Charles H. Corbushley, Brooklyn..... 2 00
Thomas Frère..... 4 00

THE CHES TEMPER IN THE EUROPEAN TEMPER.—Without wishing to enter the lists in the Morphy-Staunton tournament on either side, we still wish to enter a good natured protest against a continuance of the newspaper abuse of so venerable and distinguished a Chess-player as Mr. Staunton. Mr. Morphy's fame does not rest upon so frail a foundation as his play with any one individual. We can forego this abuse with positive profit. The following letter is from a valued though occasional contributor. He speaks his own sentiments, which we believe are consonant with those of many of the most considerate players of this country:

New York, December 8, 1858.

T. FRÈRE, Esq.—SIR,—I perceive that you, almost alone of all the Chess editors of the country, have refrained from joining in the undignified abuse of Howard Staunton, which takes its cue from an authority great in the columns of the *Saturday Press*, although in the supercilious pages of the *Chess Monthly*. As a moderate lover of Chess, as a citizen delighting in honor acquired for his country, and at the same time as a partisan of fair play, I have followed with much interest both Mr. Morphy's brilliant career of the last few months, and his acrimonious perseverance in attempting to put Mr. Staunton in the wrong. Will you now permit me to say a few words which have occurred to me in connection with the attacks made upon the London player?

I do not propose entering into a history of the allegations brought against Mr. Staunton; your space I know will permit me only to sum them up. He is accused of cowardice in refusing to meet Morphy, of treachery in leading him to believe that the meeting would take place, and of fraud in "suppressing" portions of Morphy's letters. To cap the climax, the gentleman who plays Sancho Panza in the *Saturday Press* to Mr. Morphy's Don Quixote, informs the baker's dozen of readers attached to that platitudinarian weekly that Mr. Staunton should henceforward be known as the *Chess clown* of England! These are the features to which I cannot but object. The letters of Mr. Staunton dispose of the allegations enumerated above, and fully admit that he considers himself "a Pawn and two moves" inferior to Mr. Morphy, from lack of practice; whereupon the outcry is raised, "Then resign the championship!" and to this issue Mr. Morphy endeavors to force him. Now I cannot see the sequence in this case. Mr. Staunton, after years of abstinence from Chess, acknowledges that his recollection has somewhat rusted, and that an amount of preparation which, under his present obligations elsewhere, is impossible, would be necessary to fit him for an encounter with a young and fiery player, in all the vigor of constant practice for several years past, whose ambition excludes, apparently, all other sentiments, whether of generosity or of common courtesy. The championship is an honorary title conferred on the most successful player during a long series of years, and does not imply the obligation to break a lance with every comer, no matter in what condition the champion may be. In the times when Dymoke of Dymoke was knight champion to the crown in England, no rule of chivalry would have compelled him to abandon his distinction, unless he could forfeit every pledge to run a tilt against some boyish challenger who would consider it an honor (like the individual who boasted of having been kicked by the Duke of Wellington) to be defeated by the doughty knight.

But I principally protest against the unseemly language used with reference to one who has done more for Chess than any ten other living men—language which cannot but contribute to the bad reputation we already have in Europe for courtesy and calmness. The *Saturday Sancho*, exclaiming with Miranda, "Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle, and I would call it fair play!" rushes forward to cover Mr. Staunton with ill-fame because he declines to enter the lists with all the odds fortuitously against him. Staunton fully, and from the first, acknowledges the wonderful play of Mr. Morphy; offers to try a game with him in a friendly manner, but firmly declines to stake the honors conferred upon him by the unanimous Chess-players of the world without undergoing a course of preparation which other engagements utterly prevent. In words which the *Saturday* champion will recognize, Mr. Staunton calmly states,

"Morphy, jag har warat redan,
Du har hört min själs beslut!"

But Mr. Morphy will take no refusal; rebuffs are thrown away upon him; and he proclaims to all the world and Lafayette Place his lamentable condition in being debarred from a further titling to his vanity by a possible public triumph over the greatest modern Chess-player. It is easy to excuse Mr. Morphy (who, from his extreme youth, cannot be expected to remain cool amid the applause that has been lavished upon him in both hemispheres), his violations of the rules of courtesy; but his self-appointed champions who, "seeing him, but not seeing over him, think him infatuated," and who bespatter every one with whom their momentary pet may be out of humor with abuse, should be cooled down by the common sense of the community, and of all dispassionate players of Chess. Admiring Morphy to the full extent of his sudden genius, let us also pay due tribute of respect to the man who for twenty years has stood acknowledged as the head of his profession; delighting in the honor acquired for the United States in the matter of Chess, let us not make ourselves ridiculous by denying that masters in the art exist elsewhere; and, above all, in accusing others of "suppression" and "treachery," let us be careful that our own paths are straight, and that friendly eagerness or professional zeal do not betray us into a concealment of the truth or a statement of the wrong.

FRÉRE.

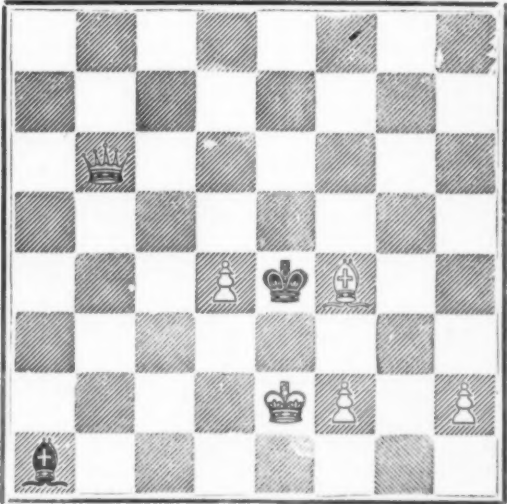
NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA GAMES BY TELEGRAPH.—These games will be regularly telegraphed to the Brooklyn Chess Club, corner of Court and Remsen streets, opposite the City Hall. This Club now numbers ninety bona fide members, and is nightly increasing. We believe it to be already the largest club in the United States. Annual dues only two dollars. A first-class reading and billiard room is connected with the club. Visitors always well received and entertained.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—R. M. CAREY, Smithfield, Va. The solution has already been published. Walker's Translation of Jaenisch is the work for you. We can forward it for \$2 25. Von Der Lasa's book is also such an one as you require. It is in German, though easily understood by a Chess player—MCM, Montreal. Your suggestions shall be considered. The question asked involves merely a matter of opinion.—C. WEINMANN, Butler, Pa. The new Chess men will be everything that can be desired, and will be ready about the time this reaches you. Will write further by mail.—T. M. B., St. Louis, Mo. You will hear from us soon. The papers have been forwarded.—McC., N. Y. Come over to our club at any time, and we will give you all requisite information.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—Harry Gray, N. Y.; Dr. R., Philadelphia; T. M. B., St. Louis, Mo.; P. J. D., Hoboken, N. J.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS RECEIVED.—A Young Chess-player, Hartford, Ct.; P. A. A., Jr., Charleston, S. C. (Will soon write to you); Paul Marino, Hamilton, C. W.; McC., N. Y.

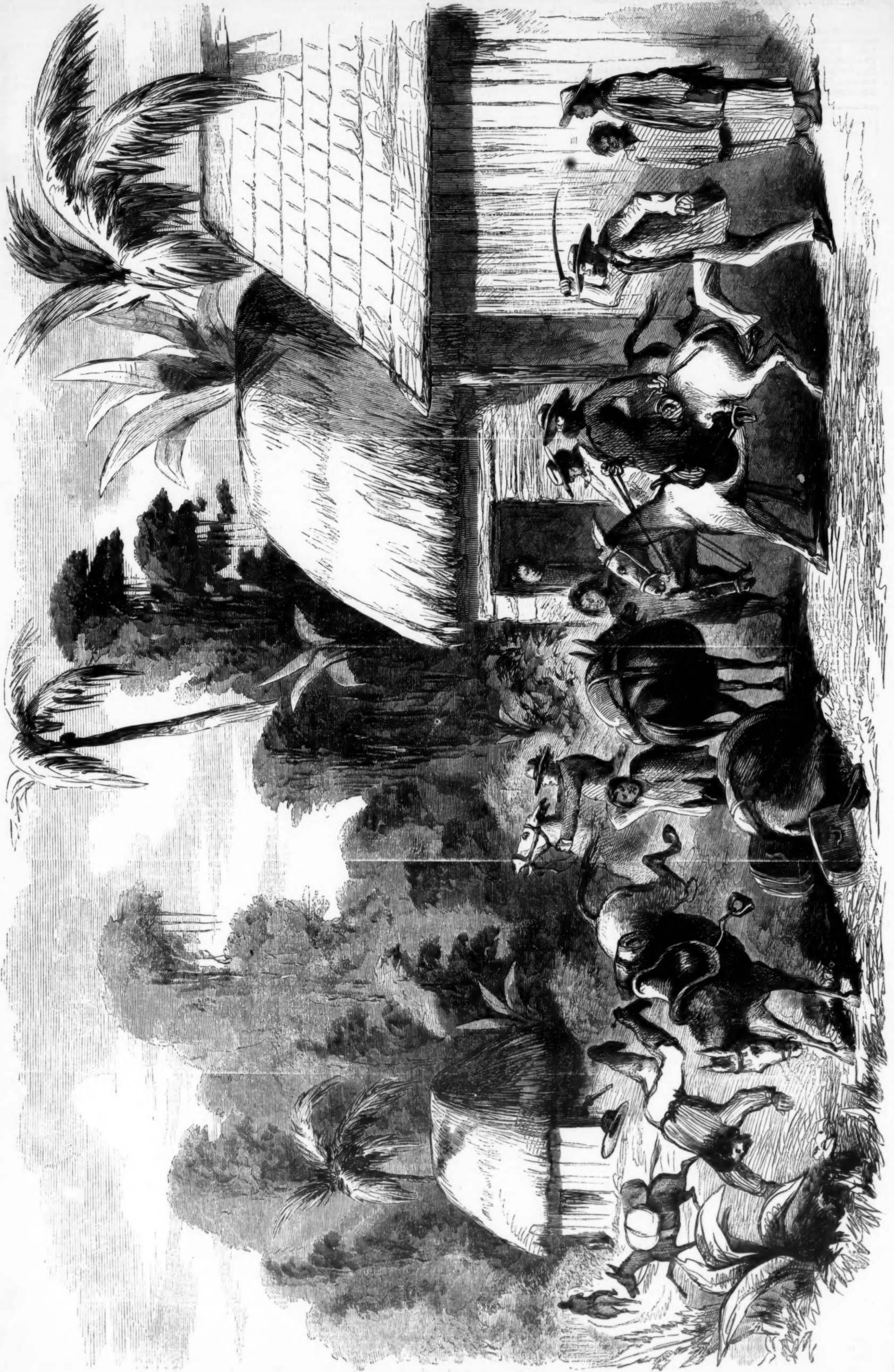
PROBLEM No. 175.—By S. LOYD. White to play and checkmate in four moves. From the *Albion* tourney.



WHITE.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 174.—R to K 4 (ch); K to R; Kt to Q Kt 4; P to Kt 4 (best); Kt to P; Anything; P to K 3 mate.

Lever, in one of his stories, tells of a dashing individual who boiled his hams in sherry wine, whereat an honest Hilbertian exclaimed, "I wish I was a pig some times myself."



OPENING OF THE TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA—STARTING OF THE FIRST MAIL FROM SUCHIL, AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW ROAD ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

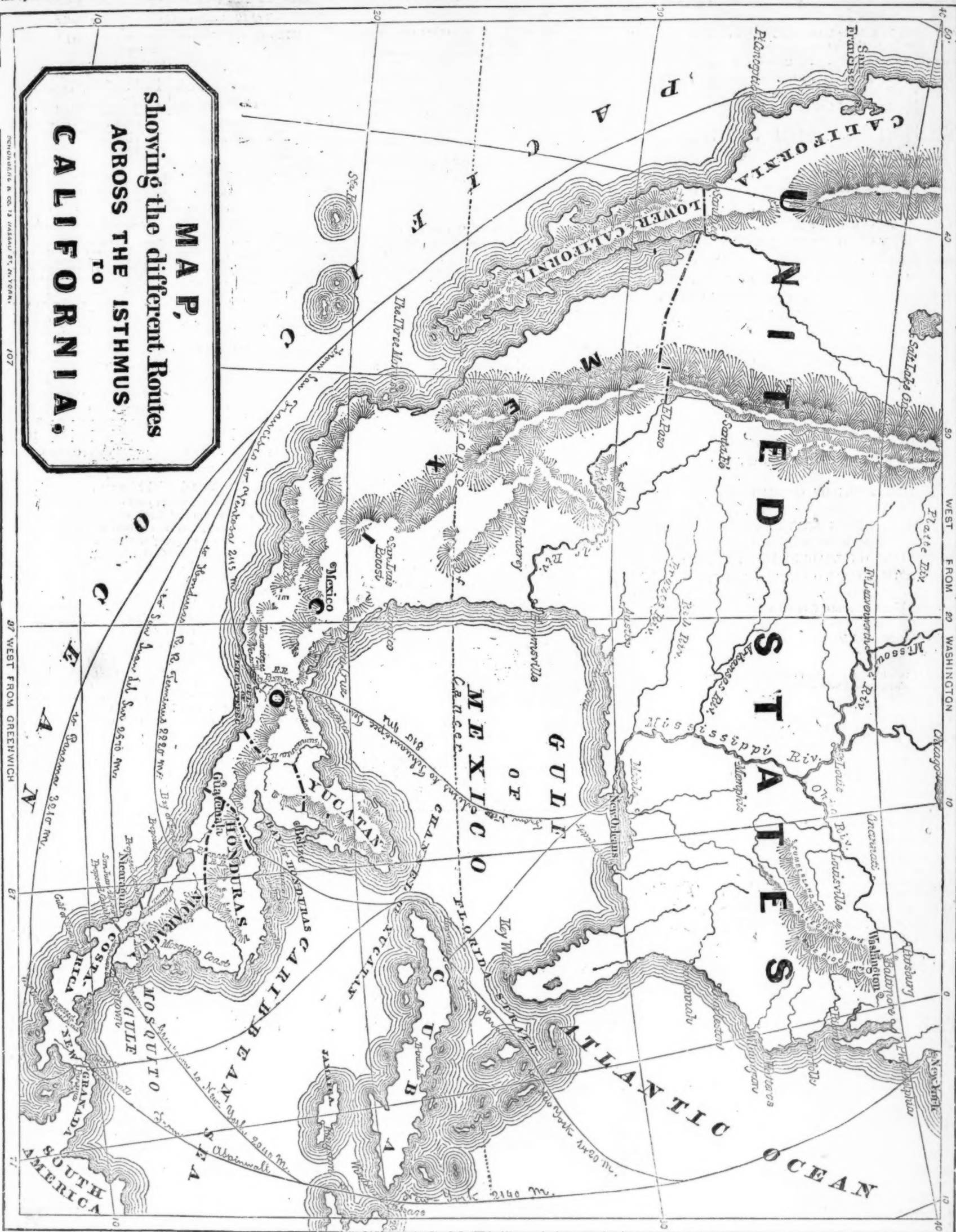
THE TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.
(Continued from page 32.)

The Louisiana-Tehuantepec Company have braved these obstacles, and have effected a connection between New Orleans and San Francisco. A company of engineers and workmen were sent out from New York in July last, and arrived at Minatitlan, twenty-five miles up the Coatzacoalcas River, about August 20th. In our last paper we engraved illustrations of Minatitlan and of the camping ground of the operatives. On the 24th August the Company steamed up the

whence they immediately set out for Ventosa. Our correspondent sends us a graphic sketch of the vigorous attempts at a start made by the passengers, and the obstinate resistance offered by their sturdy mules. It was the most ludicrous scene, he writes, it is possible to imagine. Backing, plunging, rearing, kicking, biting, snorting, hee-hawing, and making themselves generally as perversely disagreeable as a mule can be, the beasts objected to their riders and to the journey. Several of the inexperienced were thrown, and there was a general shower of passengers, revolvers, sardine boxes, bowie knives, camp kettles, and all the paraphernalia of California

arrived at Minatitlan, twenty miles up the Coatzacoalcas River, October 30th, at 8 A. M. Left Minatitlan same day at 1 P. M., and arrived by steamer at Suchil at 10 A. M., October 31st. Left same day at noon by mules, sixty-two miles, and by wagons fifty-four miles, one hundred and sixteen miles in all to Ventosa, where he arrived November 2d. The passengers and mail left November 3d, at 8 A. M., on the steamer Oregon for Acapulco, where they arrived November 4th, at 8 P. M. Total, eight and a half days from New Orleans to Acapulco. Distance from New Orleans to Minatitlan, eight hundred and forty miles. From Minatitlan to Suchil, ninety-

**MAP,
showing the different Routes
ACROSS THE ISTHMUS
TO
CALIFORNIA.**



river to Suchil, a village in the Coatzacoalcas, some forty miles from Minatitlan, where the carriage road begins. They were immediately set at work in opening the road.
The steamship Quaker City was employed by the company to convey passengers from New Orleans to Minatitlan, and made her first passage out on the 27th October. A small iron steamer, the Suchil, had been sent out from New York to accomplish the river navigation, and awaited the Quaker City at Minatitlan, where she arrived October 30th. The passengers and freight were at once put on board the Suchil, and taken up the river to the village of Suchil,

travellers; while the blowing of the Suchil's steam-whistle suddenly filled the air with affright for the mules, and confounded worse the previous confusion.
The first passage over the Isthmus was necessarily made in part on mule back, as although some fourteen carriages for the conveyance of passengers were ready, the road for some forty or fifty miles of the one hundred and sixteen was quite impracticable for wheels. The following extract from a letter to a New York paper gives a summary of the first journey:
"The Quaker City left New Orleans on the 27th at 8 A. M., and

five miles. From Suchil to Ventosa, one hundred and sixteen miles. From Ventosa to Acapulco, three hundred and fifteen miles. Total, one thousand three hundred and sixty-six miles. The stoppages were, at Minatitlan, three hours; Suchil, two; camp on the road, two; Sanderson's (to sleep), five; camp on the road, two; Almo-bego, one; camp for supper, one; San Geronimo (to sleep), five; Tehuantepec (dinner), four; Ventosa, fifteen. Total, forty hours.
The workmen of the Company are now actively engaged in perfecting the carriage road, and will probably accomplish a considerable portion of their task before the opening of the rainy season.

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GRAND GALA FESTIVAL

In Aid of the Fund of the
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SATURDAY, December 18,
TUESDAY, December 21,
WEDNESDAY, December 22.

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1. DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.
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3. A MONSTER CONCERT.

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MONDAY, DEC. 13.

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Office of the Mount Vernon Festival, Cooper Institute,

C. Breuninger's, W. Hall & Son's,

A. T. Stewart & Co.'s, Genin's Bazaar,

Brooks & Brothers, Tiffany & Co.'s,

Sibell's, Arthur Leary, 87 Beaver street.

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And at the principal office, Academy of Music, where all business appertaining to the Festival will be transacted.

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 18, 1868.

Second Edition.

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The Presidential Message.

In some respects the message recently delivered by Mr. Buchanan is the boldest one we have had for many years, but we cannot say that it is a satisfactory one. In a country where the press is so fearlessly inquisitive, we all pretty well knew the position of public affairs, both domestic and foreign, before it was published, but we had also a longing hope that the Executive knew something we did not, and which would be disclosed by the Head of the Republic.

But on the present occasion we have nothing told us to gratify our curiosity, for even the suggested occupation of Sonora and Chihuahua was previously felt to be a political necessity no longer to be evaded. We are also afraid, from the manner in which it is urged, that, had it been possible, Mr. Buchanan would have evaded the question altogether. Let us hope that it has not all been arranged beforehand with Lord Napier and Count Sartiges, to allow us to take the American Moldavia and Wallachia, while the Western Powers, the Peachum and Lockit of our globe, establish themselves or their Viceroys, Santa Anna, in our Western Constantinople. Nevertheless, we are glad that a step has been made towards establishing a protectorate which must inevitably, in time, absorb the whole of that miserable abortion the Mexican Republic. It is a burlesque upon western freedom, and has the same resemblance to our republic that a baboon has to an Apollo Belvedere. In taking possession of this outer edge of what geographically and necessarily belongs to us, we have shown a moderation eminently in character with our antecedents, for we defy history to produce a parallel to a conqueror who pays for a Louisiana, and a Texas, and who withdraws from the capital of Montezuma under the silent influence of moral instinct. France retained Algiers in defiance of her pledge to England, and we have no instance of the latter power abandoning an inch of ground she had once occupied, without receiving an equivalent.

We therefore trust that the voices of treason will be hushed, and that every American will support to the utmost Mr. Buchanan's determination to restore quiet to Mexico, by over-awing her on her northern frontier. We are aware that that country is of small importance to the world at large; but it is our next-door neighbor, and bears the same relation as a nation to the United States that a brutal, bigoted, besotted swaggerer and cut-throat does to an orderly and thriving citizen. It is a public nuisance, and must be abated, even should its demolition be necessary in the process.

The Central America question is one upon which his Excellency is not so explicit as could be wished. He is doubtless hampered by the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty, which has received another aspect from the evident desire of Louis Napoleon to dabble in its troubled waters. This cannot, however, have any weight with us, since our necessities on the Isthmus are patent to all, and must be cared for. A bolder policy a year ago would have saved our present dilemma, which has been unfortunately increased by the total absence of ability displayed by General Walker, and the unhappy promptitude of Commodore Paulding, who, in his mistaken patriotism of anticipating the action of the English Admiral, volunteered to play catpaw to take the chestnuts out of the fire, for John Bull's advantage.

The President takes a very moderate tone in our dispute with Paraguay, and we trust his hopes of an amicable arrangement with that little republic will be realized, for it is undeniable that the wrongs and affronts we have received at her hands are mere trifles compared to the graver insults and outrages perpetrated on us by both Spain and Mexico.

With respect to our relations with Great Britain, the President merely recapitulates what everybody knew, and indulges in a little of common-place about our powers of mutual mischief, which might have been spared. It bears the schoolboyish air of a holiday exercise, totally unworthy a document of such dignity as a Presidential Message ought to be.

It also confirms what we said from the first, that the Right of Search has only been conditionally abandoned by that grasping and arrogant power, and that she expects, as an equivalent, some arrangement to verify the nationality of a flag on the ocean. We consider this absolutely necessary to the safety of the seas, which is of more importance to commerce than all the Buncombe about the inviolability of the Stars and Stripes. Any Spanish pirate or slaver can hoist the American flag to deceive a cruiser, and we think some plan ought to be formed without loss of time, to prevent such a desecration. We quite agree with his Excellency that so long as Cuba is a possession of Spain, the slave trade will flourish, and that the only way is to transfer that island to the United States.

The popular sentiment of England, as represented by the London Times and the liberal Press, is in favor of our assuming the government of both Cuba and Mexico; and however the aristocracy of England might object, no British Ministry would dare to forcibly oppose us in our design. The real difficulty lies with France, a power we have ever flattered, out of an absurd and fallacious tradition, but which is far more hostile to our manifest destiny than Great Britain, since the narrow-minded hereditary jealousy of the Celt for the Saxon is in full force with that frog-eating clan; for disguise it as they may, next to England France hates the United States of America the most.

We have no space nor inclination to follow the President through his Kansas and Utah paragraphs. The former was an unwise reminiscence, and the latter an inglorious one, since he has, to a certain extent, by extending pardon to Brigham Young and his fellow-traitors, recognized both rebellion and polygamy.

The more domestic portions of the Message we shall pass over, with the exception of his antediluvian suggestion of increasing the rate of postage, and which we discuss in another column. The true plan would be to reduce it to the uniform rate of one cent, since it would be perhaps too much in advance of the age to make it altogether free, like our common schools, roads, police, army and navy, &c.

One thing is very clear from this remarkable document, that at no period of our history have we had more unsettled questions to occupy the attention of our Government than we have at this present moment, and that it will be a piece of rare good luck if we escape without a war or a humiliation.

The City Elections.

THE glory of old Tammany has departed; from having been the Wigwag of a great progressive party it has become the grogshop of a corrupt and feeble faction. Mutiny inside its walls, and contempt for it everywhere outside, like an old virago it can now only scold where it used to command. As staunch American Democrats, we are bound to declare that its decline and fall are good symptoms for the Democracy of the United States. It is an evidence that the people will no longer be reduced to Hobson's choice of voting for the nominee of some dozen wire-pullers, or else casting their ballot for a Republican or a Know Nothing. The defeat of Purser, following the disorganization of the Wigwag for the last seven years, has, we hope, given a lasting blow to what had degenerated into a hole and corner committee.

A glance at the returns of the elections just finished will show that so thoroughly had revolt and disgust weakened the ranks of the once indomitable old Tammany, that two-thirds of the Common Council are opposition, and that only three Tammany Aldermen were elected out of the nine, and this in the city of New York, which rejoices in a Democratic majority of nearly twenty thousand votes.

The fact, however, had become too plain to the public that it was not the soundness of a man's Democracy, or his fitness for the office that insured him the nomination, but the length of his purse, and the powers of corruption he could bring to bear on the junta with whom the choice rested.

Not one citizen in a hundred ever has an opportunity of voting for the man he thinks most deserving of the office—all is ready cut and dried by a knot of hack politicians, who consult their own interests instead of the public good. Under these circumstances, we consider the election of Mr. Haws as an evidence that the "unterrified Democracy" no longer intend to be cajoled or bullied into surrendering their power into the hands of a clique.

Postage Reform.

THE recommendation in the Presidential Message to increase the rate of postage, is of so retrograde a character that we are called upon to remonstrate against so palpable a return to the dark ages. Indeed, it is founded upon so obsolete a system that we think the time has come when it is the duty of the community to take the matter into their own hands.

It is a matter of astonishment to every reflecting person that, while physical science progresses with such gigantic strides, social reform and internal arrangements remain almost stationary. We might instance many things to illustrate this remark, but we choose, on the present occasion, to confine ourselves to that of postage. We have no particular admiration for the monarchical and aristocratical system of Great Britain, but it is impossible not to acknowledge the inferiority of our system to many of her arrangements for the convenience of her people. Among these that of postage stands prominent.

The time will undoubtedly arrive when all the necessities of civilized life will be supplied by the State, a tax being levied generally to meet the expense. This has already been done in the army, navy, judiciary, police rates, our common schools, and in time will undoubtedly be carried out to all the comforts and conveniences of life.

Among those branches of the public service where it will be felt as more practically beneficial there is none to equal that of Free Postage.

The advantages would not stop at the mere blessing of being saved an irritating impost, and daily waste of time, but must inevitably lead to the happiest results in every ramification of life. It would give an impetus to education, commerce, religion and international courtesy. In a word, it would indirectly raise the moral condition of the people.

Whatever innocently occupies the attention of the masses must

of necessity take so much of the time otherwise given to idleness, folly or vice, and there is nothing that so much quickens intellectual power as an epistolary correspondence. The argument that the public would impose on Free Postage and increase the legitimate work of that department, is absurd, for the very mechanical trouble of writing, without any reference to the cost of paper, pen and ink, would counteract the inducement of inditing useless letters, or, in other words, writing for the mere sake of writing. But even supposing that this might be the case at first, yet, like all novelties, it would soon wear off, and even if it did not, so much the better for the education and happiness of the masses, added to which the increased consumption of writing materials would benefit commerce. We name these minute points to show that, in whatever light it is viewed, there is no valid objection to Free Postage, or, at all events, to a uniform rate of the lowest denomination.

But should our legislators not be prepared for so bold a measure as that one we have advocated, let us follow the example of Great Britain, and deliver the letter at the dwelling or office of the person to whom it is addressed for the first sum now charged. It is monstrous that the prepayment should only insure its delivery at a building in Nassau street, which practically leaves it as far off its rightful owner as though it had never been sent, saying nothing of the extortion of charging nearly as much for a mile as for a thousand. We are aware that a great advance has been made in our postal system of late years, a result greatly owing to the exertions of Judge Charles and Barnabas Bates. The former of these worthy laborers for the public good is yet living, and we hope that he will not abandon altogether the work he so worthily commenced years ago, but pursue his beneficent task to a successful end. There are thousands of public-spirited men who would gladly aid him in making our postal arrangements more commensurate to the wants of our great and ever-growing community.

Public Rebuke of the Swill-Milk Candidate.

The Eleventh District Redeemed.

ALDERMAN E. HARRISON REED, a member of the honorable fraternity of butchers and a prominent member of the celebrated swill-milk committee, of which Aldermen Tucker and Mike Tuomey were also members, has been defeated in his attempt to get re-elected for the Eleventh District. The course of this man in relation to the swill-milk poison traffic has been the subject of our constant animadversion, and we have proved that, if he was not a willing traitor to his trust, his want of judgment, of common-sense, rendered him unfit for any office more important than the sweeper-out of the council chambers. We are not inclined to rejoice over the downfall of any man, even an enemy, but we do rejoice sincerely that the public has administered so severe a rebuke to one who was so eminently unfitted for the station he occupied.

Let Mr. Reed take this rebuke to heart; it is thus unworthy public servants should be punished. Mr. Reed will hereafter remember that public sentiment is too powerful to be set aside, even when opposed by a community of swill-milk ruffians led on by an apostate Alderman.

William Tucker a Commissioner of Education.

WE congratulate the cause of education upon the accession of Alderman Tucker to their ranks. Although a decidedly economical man, and consequently sparing of his dollars, he will make sad havoc among the V's—we expect the W's will have a nice time of it, since it is expected he will move for the substitution of the latter for the former in every word commencing with that obnoxious letter.

Alderman Tucker is a "wiggerous warment" among the W's. We are quite sure nothing "werry wicious" will happen now at the Board of Education. To be serious—what a farce to appoint this man to such a post, when he cannot talk the plain American tongue spoken by Jefferson and Franklin!

Passing Notice.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT OF THE MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Ladies' Executive Committee of the Mount Vernon Association will give a Grand Three Days Festival, at the Academy of Music, commencing on Saturday, Dec. 18, with Musical and Dramatic Performances, and Orations by the most eminent Orators of the day, opening as a Matinee at twelve o'clock, and afterwards in the evening at eight o'clock. On Tuesday, Dec. 21, a Grand Full Dress Ball (*Bal Paré*), with M. Musard as director, with an orchestra of a hundred performers, including some splendid soloists. On Wednesday, Dec. 22, the last day of the Festival, there will be given a Grand Promenade Concert, under the direction of Carl Bergmann and Musard, when all the Grand Ball decorations will be retained. This will be a great Festival, and when the occasion and the motive are considered, we have no doubt that the net receipts will reach some ten or fifteen thousand dollars. Our citizens should turn out in grand force, and let the watchword be—Washington!

MUSIC.

Italian Opera.—The Close of the Autumn Campaign.—It is customary after a merry carouse, for some one to count the bottles or "dead men," as the roystering Cavaliers used to call them. We have no operative "dead men" to mourn over, but we will count up the dishes which have adorned the repast provided by the manager for the public at large, and the musical public in particular.

Mr. Ullman commenced issuing his "vermillion edicts" to the public some time in advance of the opening of the Academy; these were couched in that strain of respectable serious bombast, utterly annihilating the fastidious rhodomontades of his long-tailed Chinese prototypes, and were flung forth to the world with the cool, insolent assurance of a showman, who was conscious that he had a fine, large, newly-caught elephant, which the public must go to see. These manifestoes seemed to be issued from the centre of some vast banking house; every one was impressed by the idea that the writer was sitting upon a cushion stuffed with \$1,000 bank-bills, and was surrounded by untold heaps of bright golden double eagles, as he dictated the majestic lines. The magnificent, sonorous flow of the language sounded so like the introduction to some new fancy stock, Wall street speculation, that the respectable, that is to say, the wealthy portion of the community sympathized with it and gave it their countenance.

Well, this gigantic Ullmanian labor produced the most charming little opera-mouse that ever graced the boards of a theatre. Piccolomini took the city by storm, swamped the critics, particularly a certain three hungry Frenchmen, and carried the season through with a success that has no parallel in the history of the opera in America for the past twenty years. Of the other artists brought forward by Mr. Ullman, three have deservedly achieved brilliant reputation and secured the favor of the public. Madame Laborde is unquestionably one of the most accomplished of modern singers. Her execution is not only faultless, but is a marvel of vocal facility. It is difficult to believe that the human

voice is capable of being educated to do more than Madame Laborde achieves with hers. The voice itself is very beautiful, and the owner thereof is a thoroughly versed artist in all that a prima donna should know. She is not a dramatic artist; but she is, beyond a question, a great singer. Madame Poinot is also a truly grand vocalist, she is the younger of the two, but she divides the honors with her brilliant rival. Poinot is all that Laborde was, with the inestimable advantage of a fresher and finer voice. She also possesses good dramatic powers, but of these we can as yet but imperfectly judge. But whether the future does or does not exhibit any new claims to excellence, Poinot stands upon the topmost round of the artistic ladder.

Florence stands next in the list of Mr. Ullman's successful engagements. His debut in Germont, in "Le Traviata," stamped him at once as an artist of unequalled merit, and each successive performance has confirmed him in the good opinion of the public. Mlle. Ghioni and Signor Tammara are both excellent artists, and deserve well of the public. The great want of the company was a contralto, and we are surprised that the far seeing manager should have neglected to provide for so important an element in the operatic completeness.

In a musical point of view, the production of Mozart's two operas, "Il Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro," was the triumph of the past season. To every lover of music the revival of "Le Nozze di Figaro" was a rare treat. The simple and delicious music, with which every one has so intimate a closet acquaintance, is but seldom heard on the stage, and hundreds rejoiced at the opportunity afforded of listening to the exquisite instrumentation of Mozart. It was an intellectual feast that we shall long remember, although we should have been better pleased had some of the exquisite morceaux omitted been retained. However, we are sincerely grateful for what we did get.

The "Huguenots" was the next noticeable production, and in some respects it has never been so well-rendered in America. Poinot, Laborde and Formes are the points of excellence which distinguish this performance as superior to all preceding efforts.

The orchestra throughout the season was more complete and better organized than any we have yet had attached to an operatic undertaking. It was a feature enjoyable from the first to the last. Carl Anschutz was the able and conscientious conductor. The chorus was large in its proportions, and the singers were good.

Taking the season as a whole, we have reason to be satisfied with the result of the manager's labors. There was a completeness in the whole affair, barring the contralto, that was worthy of all praise, and almost justified Mr. Ullman in wrapping himself up in his magnificent manifestoes and dying—like Kirby at the National Theatre—in a blaze of glory.

The entire company is now at the Boston Theatre.

Maurice Strakosch's Opera Company.—Mr. Strakosch is about to commence his Southern tour. He takes his entire company with him, consisting of Madame Colson—the greatest vocal and dramatic artist in America—the celebrated Parodi, the charming De Wilhorst, and the general favorite, Madame Strakosch, together with Brignoli, Amodio, Janca and other excellent artists.

DRAMA.

Wallack's Theatre.—On Thursday, Wallack's Theatre was filled with a "synopsis" of the most valuable portion of the New York people. Authors, actors, artists, parsons, merchants, saying nothing of beauty and fashion, were there; in a word, it was an audience of which any actor, however distinguished, might have been proud to play before. Nor was the occasion unworthy the gathering, for the most polished actor of the age inaugurated a new style of presenting the dramatic Cæsar of the world to the American public. The particular richness of Shakespeare's muse necessitates in our rapid age that only enough shall be retained to make his plot intelligible, and consequently there is more of that mighty master's work rejected than retained. Indeed, were his dramas performed as written, they would consume twice the time now allotted by this impatient generation. Macready and Phelps laid it down as a rule that no acting play ought to exceed thirteen hundred lines. The consequence is, that many of Shakespeare's plays are presented in a shape so unlike the original, that the sweet Swan of Avon would hardly know his own "Merchant of Venice" or "Richard the Third" again, were he to drop into a London or a New York Theatre.

On Thursday, Mr. Wallack made his first appearance in two years, as Shylock, on which occasion he produced the "Merchant of Venice" in a style of classic elegance and scenic splendor seldom beheld on this side of the Atlantic, and only seen on the other when Charles Kean directs the operation. Some of the scenes were the most elaborate pictures we have ever witnessed, and drew the hearty and appreciative applause of a most discriminating audience.

The scenery was most admirable, and taken as a whole, the manner in which this fine dramatic poem has been placed upon the stage is worthy the reputation of the veteran manager.

With respect to the acting, it would be as absurd to criticize Mr. Wallack's performance of Shylock as to give an opinion of the play itself. It is really not too much to say, that our ancestors have pronounced their judgment upon both the dramatic and the actor. We shall, therefore, content ourselves by observing, that the Shylock of Mr. Wallack is beyond all question the finest on the stage, being elaborated to a point of artistic excellence almost painfully minute. Sometimes the art was too visible, the dramatic effects were a little over-rouged, and the poses were a little too studied. This was more visible in the earlier scenes, but as the great artist warmed with the mighty creation of the poet, his natural style triumphed, and the trial scene stamped him as the most artistic actor living. The cold glitter of his hungry eye in sight of his prey, as though it were already in his clutch, seemed a visible revelation of his innermost soul—the look he gave when the fact breaks in upon him that he is not only baffled but ruined, and his life in jeopardy, must be seen to be realized; and the broken voice, choked dry with a sickening horror at his total humiliation, was as near the ideal as it can be approached. His exit was also a remarkable piece of acting. In brief, we advise all who can appreciate Shakespeare in the closet, to read him by the light of Wallack's rendering, and they will find there are a thousand beauties not visible to their naked eye. Coleridge said, that Kean's performance of Othello and Shylock was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning. Wallack has none of the startling sublimities of Edmund Kean, but he puts the character in a steadier and a truer light, and when we add, that the attention of the audience was sustained from beginning to end, excepting, perhaps, those prophetic speeches of the Dukes of Arragon and Morocco; we can pay no higher tribute to the genius of the actor, for with all deference to the memory of Mr. Shakespeare, it must be admitted that the "Merchant of Venice" is a remarkably dull play, although a magnificent poem.

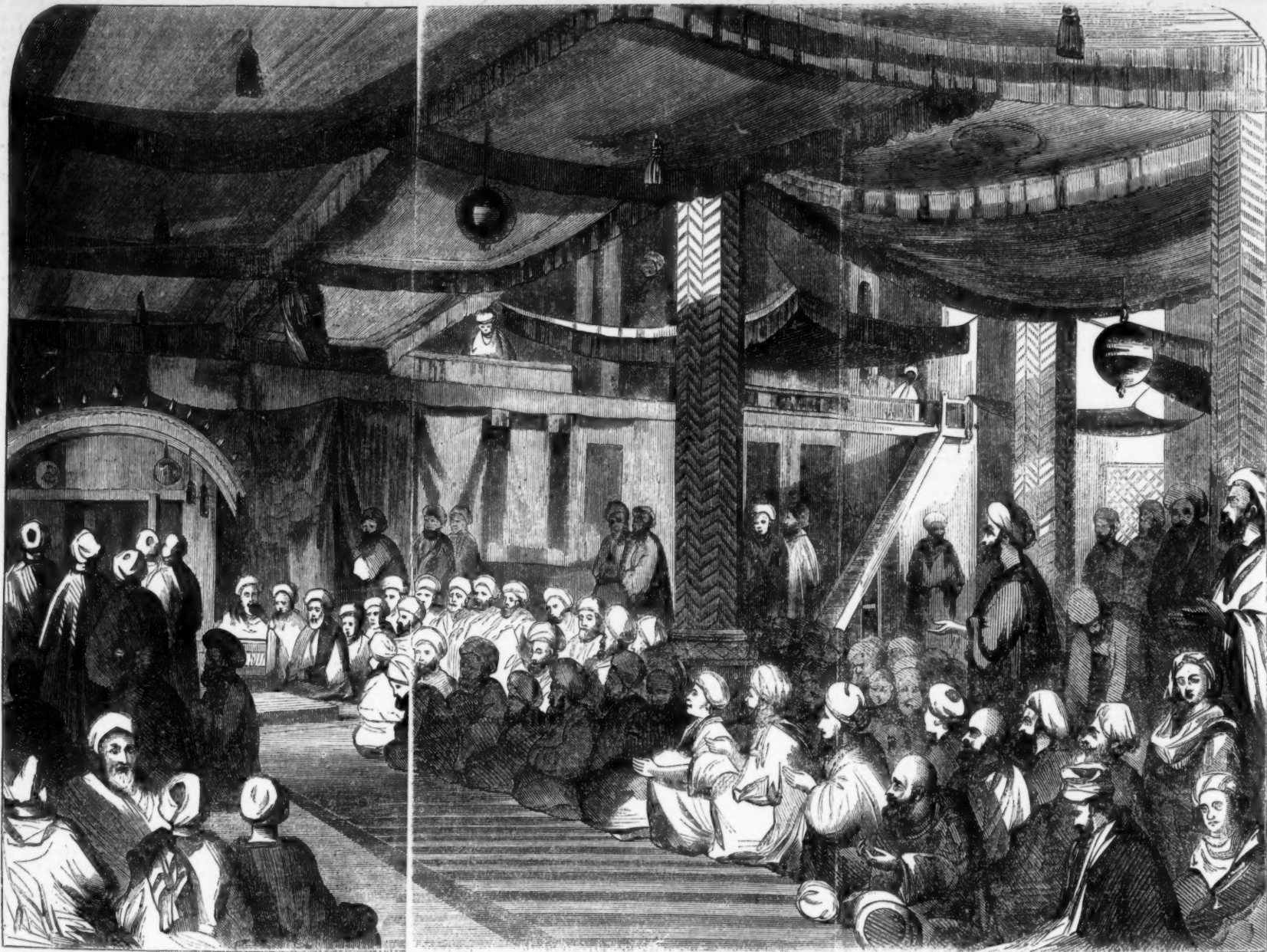
Mr. Lester made a handsome Bassanio, but was a little too melodramatic for the character; he lacked that gentlemanly repose which we always associate with our idea of Antonio's friend. His nature was selfish, for who would allow a generous merchant to run such a terrible risk, merely to raise some money to swindle an heiress? Yes, we repeat it, Bassanio was a suave, bland, cold-hearted scamp. Brougham's Gratiano was, like all the personations of this admirable artist, excellent. Trifling as the character is, compared to the position of the actor who assumed it, there was a power and a point about its rendering which made it prominent. Mrs. Hoey is the best Portia on the stage; if she had a little more sentimentality it would be perfect. Portia is more a volume of philosophy in petticoats than a creature of flesh and blood. We strongly suspect she was the grandmother of all the strong-minded women. Mary Gannon made a capital Nerissa, and Mrs. Sloan was equally good in Jessica. We must not forget to add that Mr. Dyot played the merchant with his usual tact and force. Mr. Young made his first bow as Lancelot Gobbo, and did as much as can be done with so dismal a comic part. He is a good comedian, and will undoubtedly become popular when he has opportunities to display his abilities. Mr. Bernard's Tubal was likewise very fair, and Mr. Frank Hodges did the little he had to do with great discretion. The music was made a very pleasant feature, the glees being tastefully given. In conclusion, this Shakespearean revival is a decided artistic triumph, and will, we hope, prove remunerative to so liberal a management.

Laura Keane's Theatre.—It is many years since a success so genuine has attended any play as that which the public has accorded to "Our American Cousin." It is now in its ninth week, and every night the house is crowded. Excellent as the afterpiece generally is, the great piece of the evening is amply sufficient to attract full audiences. On Thursday, Miss Macarthy played Maggie McFarland, in the "Bonnie Fishwife," with unusual spirit, and sung "Coming Through the Rye," with an archness enough to provoke the steadiest young gentleman to ascertain "the rye" the fair vocalist is in the habit of crossing. Perhaps, however, the Bow-rye would do as well.

Barnum's Museum.—The Zaviszowski Troupe and Wren Children are the reigning novelties here, and have made a great hit, more especially upon the juvenile patrons of this admirably managed Museum. We saw several clergymen with their families, last week, enjoying the performances, which was a burlesque opera. There is also a pantomime, which gives ample scope for those agile creatures, the Zaviszowski Troupe, to rival the Ravens. The new spectacular drama of the "Arab Girl" is capably put upon the stage. Of course, the Happy Family, the Aquaria, and the thousand other curiosities, remain as usual to instruct and amuse the more thoughtful of the visitors.

Dickens and Davidge.—This popular comedian has just given an entertainment called "A Night with Dickens," which promises to be a favorite one. He does not deliver a philosophical discourse, but a pleasant running commentary on the works of this great author. In a writer whose creations occupy almost as wide a scope as Shakespeare, it was of course impossible to introduce most twentieth part of his characters. He therefore contented himself with some of his most select scenes, such as the "Trial Scene in Pickwick," which he gave with extreme motion; "Zairy Gamp and Hopsy Frig," not forgetting that common character, everybody's friend, Mr. Harris, formed part of the extracts. Mr. Davidge next introduced "Beadie Bumble and Oliver Twist," and drew peals of laughter. We should not be surprised if this "Night with Dickens" becomes quite a feature during the coming winter.

The Jew Case.—The Secretary of State has addressed replies to several Jewish congregations in reference to the Mortara case, in which he states that the occurrence took place within the territories of an independent power, and without affecting the rights of any American citizen. He also says that "it is the settled policy of the United States to abstain from all interference in the internal concerns of other countries."



SHAH HAMADAN'S MOSQUE, KINGDOM OF CASHMERE.—SKETCHED DURING A SOLEMN MAHOMMEDAN FESTIVAL.

INTERIOR OF A MOSQUE, CASHMERE.

It is rarely that the infidels are allowed an opportunity to witness Mahomedans worship on days of particular sanctity, as the believers in the Koran are most jealous in excluding all but fellow-believers from the holy places of their religion; but in the petty State of Cashmere, on the north of British India, the Mahomedans are in the minority, and the Maharajah himself is a Hindoo, and consequently an enemy to the Koran. Advantage of this fact was recently taken to sketch the interior of Shah Hamadan's masjid, or mosque, on a day when the faithful were assembled at their devotions. The mosque itself is very different from those of India, and much more picturesque, being square, built entirely of wood, panelled and carved and ornamented with paintings and gilding, four massive carved pillars, each a single deodar or Himalaya cedar, supporting the roof. On this occasion it was hung with rich brocades of Cashmere shawls, presented by the devout worshippers, many of whom prayed with great fervency, casting their tubans on the ground before them. They relieved one another in quick succession, the buildings being crowded from morning till night.

FIGHTING IN MEXICO.

The melancholy civil war which has been waged in Mexico since the 20th of January last has been fruitful in scenes of sickening

bloodshed, and has desolated the unhappy country, for supremacy in which the unprincipled military leaders, Zuloaga, Miramon, Garza, Juarez, Echegaray, and many others, are striving. Since his treacherous defection on the 20th of January, causing the flight of President Comonfort, Zuloaga has contrived to maintain a precarious hold on the City of Mexico; while the so-called "Constitutional" Juarez (who claims the Presidency of Mexico in virtue of a provision of the Constitution which ordains that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court shall succeed to office on the resignation of the actual President), with a large proportion of the army, has maintained, with varying success, a struggle against him. The priests have supported Zuloaga, and to their money, indeed, he owes the duration of his Government, such as it is; while many of the fanatical Churchmen have actually taken up arms to fight the "Liberals" under Garza, Vidaurri, &c. Skirmishes between the two or three contending factions, and our engraving well represents the motley character of the troops engaged on either side. The regular army has been split into fragments, and the troops which follow the various military leaders are composed of peasants, Indians, criminals, foreign refugees, and similar desperately disorderly material, which is held together only by the love of slaughter and rapine, and is subject to little, if any, control on the part of its officers. The only army worthy of the name that has recently been in the field was that of Vidaurri, the stern and intelligent General

of the northern provinces, who marched against Zuloaga towards the end of September, but was defeated in a battle lasting four days (September 25th-29th), by his opponent, General Miramon. The engagement took place near the town of Ahualulco, and completely destroyed the hopes of Vidaurri—the most honest and capable of all the present combatants.

INDIAN KITCHEN—STRAINING COFFEE.

THE annexed representation is from a drawing by a gentleman in India, who furnished it as an illustration of the cleanliness to be expected from native servants, upon whom such exclusive reliance is placed by the European residents. The writer, in a letter from Bangalore, dated March 8th, 1858, says:

"I inclose a sketch of a mode, too frequently it is to be feared in use, of preparing one of the Anglo-Indian luxuries. The lady of the house went to the cook-room to ascertain the reason of the coffee being delayed, and found the cook and his wife straining it through one of 'master's socks,' and the cook-room the abode of a family of dirty children, poultry, &c. The following colloquy between a European gentleman and his servant, which I can vouch for, will serve to confirm my notion of a rather general use of the sock in the delicate operation of straining coffee: 'Boy, why doesn't the washerman wash my socks better? Look at this (hold



PARTISAN WARFARE IN MEXICO—CHARGING OF THE ZULOAGUISTA TROOPS.



INDIAN COOK-ROOM—A NEW COFFEE STRAINER.

up a brown-toed sock). Boy—'Not washman, sir; that coffee color.' Master—'What, you scoundrel! you strain the coffee through a sock?' Boy—'I never take master's clean sock. When master been wear it, I take for strain coffee.' Which makes 'master' feel as if suddenly sent to sea. This is no myth."

FAMILY OF BORLEAN NEGROES, LIBERIA.

By our own Correspondent.

The group here sketched are members of a tribe in the interior of Liberia, who seldom come in contact with the belt of civilization on the coast. They are distinguished for the mildness of their manners, and are said to be little prone to engage in hostilities with neighboring tribes. Their men, nevertheless, are a fine, athletic set of fellows, and usually carry arms.

(Written expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

THE BEAUTIFUL VAGRANT: A TALE OF LIFE'S CHANCES AND CHANGES.

By Mrs. M. S. B. Dana Shindler.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER some time Harry and Mary returned to the room. I studied their faces most industriously for several moments, but the conclusion to which I arrived was far from satisfactory. Harry's countenance wore a subdued sadness which I could not see without pain, and Mary looked anxious and distressed. Altogether, things did not seem to be going right.

Bettie soon began to perceive that, notwithstanding the exhilarating egg-nogg, a sort of sadness was stealing over the party, and she stole out of the room, and soon returned, bringing old Neptune and his fiddle. Neptune was always in request at parties; for, though by no means a scientific musician, he still played admirably well for dancing, keeping that exact time for which the negro race are so remarkable, and entering, heart and soul—aye, and body too—into the spirit of such an occasion. We were soon all upon the floor, dancing most vigorously, not excepting even the old general himself.

I danced, however, just to contribute my share to the hilarity of the evening; for, though my health had long been re-established, and I could not plead the excuse of being an invalid, I still cherished my indolent habits, and was as self-indulgent as I well could be. I gave out, therefore, at the end of my first cotillon, and stole back to my old seat in the corner, where soon, to my great delight, Mary came and sat down beside me.

"That's right, Mary," said I; "we old people will sit here and talk, while the general and the other young folks dance to their heart's content. But are you tired already, Mary?"

"Not tired, cousin Dick," she answered; "but somehow I don't feel like dancing;" and she sighed heavily.

"You don't love me any more, Mary," said I.

A deep glow spread itself over her face and neck, and she looked down for a moment; then, as if by a great effort, she raised her head and looked up into my face reproachfully, while her beautiful lip quivered, and her eyes were swimming in tears.

"Come, come, Mary!" I exclaimed; "I didn't mean to make you cry; I only want you to tell me what's the matter."

"What made you say that to me, cousin Dick?" she asked; "you surely don't think I can ever cease to love—to feel the deepest gratitude for one who has done so much for me? What made you say so?"

"Don't talk about gratitude, my dear child," said I; "you have been the bright sunshine of my lonely path"—she looked up and her eloquent face spoke volumes—"no father ever loved a daughter, Mary, better than I love you"—her countenance fell, and her bosom heaved with a convulsive sigh. Was she thinking of him who called himself her father? "But Mary," I continued, "you do not treat me with a daughter's confidence; something is troubling you, and you will not tell me what it is."

"Can you not guess?" said she.

"Is it my dear friend, Harry?"

She bowed her head affirmatively and silently.

"I am sorry, very sorry, that he should be the means of distressing you, dear Mary."

"Come into the piazza, cousin Dick," said she; "I must talk to you." I slipped her arm within mine, and we glided behind the dancers, and reached the piazza without, as we thought, exciting observation.

But Harry was there before us. He was standing with his arms folded, leaning against a pillar, apparently in deep thought. He started when he saw us, and came towards us, and I felt Mary's arm tremble within mine.

"Richard," said he, "I must leave you to-morrow. I ought to have gone long ago. I ought to have known—I ought to have seen—" and here the poor fellow's voice faltered, and he left us abruptly.

We took two or three turns up and down the piazza without utter-

ing, either of us, a word. At length Mary stopped, and, drawing her hand from within mine, she clasped her arms round a pillar, leaned her forehead against it, and began to sob as if her heart would break. I had never heard her sob so since the day when her mother died, and left her behind in a cold, dreary world. I stood by, ready to cry myself, but I would not interrupt her weeping, for I well knew the saving and healing virtue of tears to an overburdened heart. At length the storm of grief subsided, and she raised her head, wiped her eyes, and, taking my arm once more, we again began our promenade.

"Cousin Dick," said she at length, "I was born to give pain and trouble to all who love me—"

"Stop, Mary!" I hastily interrupted; "I deny that proposition in toto. You were born for no such thing; so don't say that again."

"Well, let that go, then," said she, with a ghost of a smile; but one thing is certain, I was born to be in trouble myself."

"I am sorry, Mary," said I, "that my wishes and my efforts to place you in pleasant circumstances, and to make you comfortable and happy, have been crowned with no better success."

"Oh, cousin Dick, dear cousin Dick!" said she with eagerness, "what have I said? Don't take it that way. I would rather die than have you think me ungrateful. After all that you have done for me—"

I again interrupted her. "Come, Mary, come!" said I, "leave gratitude out of the question. I want no gratitude; I only want you to be happy."

She sighed. "I'll try, cousin Dick," she said.

"It is poor happiness that has to be sought after and tried for," said I. "But tell me, Mary, couldn't you be made happy by contributing to the happiness of another—for instance?"

She shook her beautiful head slowly. "I never have felt more exquisite pain, cousin Dick," she said, "than in causing disappointment to that noble heart; but I had to do it—I had to do it."

The mournful pathos of her exquisite voice went to my heart. We were silent for a moment, and then I resumed the conversation. "I wish you could have given him your hand and heart, Mary," said I, "for there are few such men as Harry; but I suppose he is too old for you."

"Oh, no, cousin Dick!" she exclaimed, "if he were ten years older than he is, that would make no difference. But I do not love him, cousin Dick—at least not with that kind of love."

"You love him, then, as you love me perhaps," I said; "with the love of a daughter to her father, or of a sister to her older brother."

She sighed convulsively, and a slight shudder passed over her frame. There was something about her that I did not understand. But she spoke again, "And poor Ned, too, cousin Dick; I have given pain to him too."

"Can't you love Ned either, my dear girl?" I asked. "He is young, fresh, rich and handsome, what more can you ask?"

"I ask for nothing, cousin Dick," she said, "but to contribute to your comfort and happiness. The shadow, the cloud which rests upon my early life, the mystery of my parentage, the character of the man whom I called father; these things have pressed upon me heavily of late—"

"Why of late, Mary?" said I, gazing into her eyes with a searching look.

"Because—because—I think I had better tell you, Cousin Dick; you are my best friend—because I have seen him lately."

"You have seen him, Mary? When, and where? Tell me all about it."

"The other day—the very day after we returned from Dr. Perry's—Toney, Mr. Tompkins' boy, brought me a note. It was from him, and he said that he must see me, and see me alone; that he was my father, and had a right to command me; that if I would save him from a horrible death I must see him, and bring with me at least a hundred dollars."

"And you went?"

"Yes, cousin Dick, I went. I thought at first of asking your advice, but afterwards I concluded that he might do you some harm—for he's a terrible man sometimes, cousin Dick—and so I went alone. But I had a good friend watching over me."

"Who do you mean, Mary? Do you mean Him who watches over us all?"

"That was not what I meant, cousin Dick, though I ought never



A FAMILY OF BORLEAN NEGROES, LIBERIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY R. K. GRIVIN.

to forget his watchful love; but I was alluding to our faithful George."

"George! where was he? And where did you meet this man?"

"I met him at the first bend of the avenue, under that tree that is covered with the jessamine vine. I saw George in the yard when I was going to meet my—oh, I cannot call him father—"

"I've no idea he is your father, my dear Mary—"

"Oh, God bless you for those words, cousin Dick! Well, I tried to avoid George, but he came straight up to me, told me he knew where I was going, and begged me not to be afraid, for that he would lose his own life before any harm should come to me."

"Well!"

"I met him, as I said, under the tree, and he told me that the officers of the law were in search of him, and that he must have money to get away; that if I could get him a hundred dollars I should never hear from him again, though, he said, I was his daughter, and the only earthly thing he loved."

"Did you give him the money?"

"Yes, Cousin Dick, I did. I gave him a hundred dollars. But tonight he has sent another note and wants more money."

"You must not see him again, Mary. I will take the matter in hand, and try and put him where he ought to be."

"Oh, for God's sake! cousin Dick, don't go near him!" said Mary, with a pleading look. Our conversation was here interrupted by an unusual commotion, and Mary clung to me in terror while I went to ascertain its cause. The cause was very different from the one she had imagined.

CHAPTER XLII.

WHEN Mary and I went together into the parlor we were struck with the subdued and sad expression of every countenance. General Worthington was seated near a table, leaning his head upon a cane he nearly always carried in his hand, and Dora stood over him with one arm round his neck, while with the other hand she brushed away the silent but fast coming tears. Mom Dido stood near, offering consolation, "Tis de Lord's will, my dear massa," she said; "let um hab wat b'long to um. 'E wunt be long befo' we'll all go for jine um; one ob dese days we all gwine home, bless de Lord! Nebber min', my massa! 'E gone to he rest, bless de Farrer!"

George stood by with folded arms; every muscle of his face, however, was in motion, and at intervals a large tear would roll down either cheek. He had been the bearer of the sad news that the general's daughter, Mrs. Gibbons, was dead. She had died very suddenly; the messenger who had been dispatched for Dr. Perry had met him on the way to the general's, and she had died soon after Mrs. Perry and himself had reached the house.

Ned and Bettie were nowhere to be seen, and I afterwards ascertained that, instead of waiting till their vehicles could be got ready, they had started off immediately on foot, and we found them there when we arrived.

Christmas morning came, and with it the solemn stillness which death always brings. Instead of the usual uproarious hilarity of that festive season, a holy quietness reigned around, and, even down to the smallest negro, all appeared to feel the peculiar presence of the angel of death. And, when once recovered from the comparative suddenness of the event, all seemed to realize that it was in mercy the blow had fallen—that now the wicked ceased from troubling that delicate and sensitive spirit—that now the weary was at rest.

Even Mr. Gibbons, harsh and sour as he was, and brutalized by the indulgence of his lowest passions, seemed to feel the solemn and purifying influence; it was seen in the expression of his countenance, and heard in the tones of his voice.

Bettie sat by the dead body of her mother, and astonished all who came near her by the calmness of her spirit and the sublime elevation of her soul. Ned, who was entirely overpowered by the loss of his mother, came to her for consolation; and she gave it, so sweetly and so plausibly, that he dried his tears, and listened calmly and thankfully while she painted the blessedness of those who had submissively borne life's severest afflictions, and patiently endured to the end. Mary sat by Bettie and gazed in her face with speechless wonder and admiration; and her deep, spiritual eyes, and the eloquent blood mounting high in her cheek told of the sublime elevation of her feelings.

It was affecting to see the negroes coming, one by one, to gaze upon the face of her whom they had loved so well. Neptune, who had been born and brought up in the family, stood, with clasped hands, gazing long and earnestly upon the face of the dead, and thus gave vent to his feelings: "Well, missis, you gone home befo' you ole nigger—but, please de Master, I'll not stay long behin'! Miss Bettie, my chile! you murrer done wid trouble—he done wid sorrow—he dey wid Jesus! Bless de Lord!"

A sweet smile overspread Bettie's countenance, and Mary's too, till they both looked radiant with the solemn fervor of their feelings. "He look like he dey in one sweet sleep, brudder," said Sambo in a low tone: "he mus' hab bin fin' it berry sweet for wake up in Heben, for spen' he Christmas dey! Oh, my missis! I wish you po' ole nigger was dey too!"

Harry Vernon, who, the night before, had announced his intention of leaving us, now said nothing about it; all private feelings were laid aside; a common sorrow drew all hearts together, and made them beat in unison.

On Sunday the funeral service was performed in the little village church, where the Monday before we had all been so busily engaged in its decoration. It was crowded to excess with a white and colored congregation, and at every door and window stood a crowd of eager listeners who had not been able to obtain accommodation within.

After the impressive service I turned to Mary, and offered my arm to escort her to the carriage. Just then some one touched me on the shoulder. I turned and beheld Harry, holding in his hand a letter, which he said was for me. In our confusion and affliction we had neglected to send to the office the day before, and the store-keeper, who was also the postmaster, had brought it to church for me. It bore the postmark of Cincinnati, Ohio.

I slipped it into my pocket, intending to read it after we had seated ourselves in the carriage, and Bettie and Mary, Harry and I, were soon on our way home. I took out my letter, opened it and looked at the signature. "Merciful Heaven!" I exclaimed, "what is this?"

All gazed at me with looks in which interest, curiosity and apprehension were blended, but I had sufficient command of myself to say, "This letter is from a dear friend; I will explain it to you all when I get home." Then I put the letter into my pocket again, and we rode silently on.

We had not far to go, and were soon at home. When we had ascended the steps and reached the piazza I said to Harry, "Come with me, I want to see you." Then turning to Mary, I said, "I will be with you before long." As I was about turning away Mary caught my hand, gazed into my eyes beseechingly, and said, "Have you received any bad news, cousin Dick?"

"No, Mary," said I, "far from it; but I must talk with Harry first, and then I'll tell you all about it." She pressed my hand, and we entered the house together, Harry and I seeking at once the solitude of our own chamber.

We found there a warm and cheerful fire, and sat down before it; while Harry, without a word, looked in my face with an air of expectation.

"Harry, my dear friend," said I, "I am about to give you a very great surprise. This letter is from Mary."

"What Mary?" he asked, with a vacant look; "what do you mean?"

"This letter is from my sister Mary, Harry; our Mary; your Mary and mine."

He gasped for breath, and the long repressed tide of feeling, rolling over him like a torrent, completely unmanned him. The tell-tale blood rushed first to his head and face, crimsoning his countenance

even to the roots of his hair, and then back to his heart, leaving him as white as a marble statue. I knew then, if I had never known before, how he had loved her.

He silently stretched forth his hand for the letter. I handed it to him, and he tried to read it, opening and shutting his eyes, rubbing first one and then the other; but finally he shook his head despairingly, handed the letter back to me, and said, "I can't read it, Richard; I can't see. You read it for me."

It ran as follows:

"MY DEAR AND ONLY BROTHER,—I am dying slowly, and want to see you before I go. He is dead for whom I left you, and I have nothing here to love; but I would never have troubled you while he lived. If you can, do come to

"Your sorrowful sister,

MARY."

The letter had been directed to our former home, and had been forwarded to me from there, so that it had been a long time in reaching me.

After I had read it Harry sat for some time with his head bowed upon his hands; then he raised it, and said, "You'll go, of course."

"Certainly, certainly," said I, "I'll go through everything."

"And so will I."

"I shall take Mary too," said I, "and Bettie, if she will go. Now that her mother is dead, there is nothing to prevent her."

"When will you start?"

"As soon as possible. I'm afraid even now we may be too late to see poor Mary."

"I'm afraid so too," said Harry, with a sigh.

"Let us hope for the best, my dear friend," said I. "It was an unexpected blessing to hear from her at all; she seemed to be lost to us for ever. But I must go and tell my other Mary about it. I must call her little Mary now."

CHAPTER XLIII.

I WENT to seek for Mary, and found her in the parlor, seated with Bettie, on the sofa. They were close together, hand in hand, but made room for me as I entered, to sit between them. Mary looked anxiously at me, but waited patiently until I was ready to speak.

"Mary," said I, "I have had a great surprise. The letter I received was from a dear and only sister, of whom, once or twice, you may have heard me speak. It was she to whom I told you that my dear Harry had given all the fervor of his young affections, and it was she who cruelly disappointed him. For years, long years I have not heard from her, and knew not where she was; but now she writes me that her husband is dead, that she is dying, and begs me to come to her."

"And shall we not go to her at once?" said Mary.

"I must go Mary, and go immediately; and Harry will accompany me."

"And you will take me too, will you not?" asked Mary. "You will not leave me behind?"

"Most gladly will I take you, Mary, if you will go," I replied. "I thought you might not like to undertake such a journey at this season of the year."

"It would distress me very much to be left behind," said Mary. "Oh! I hope you will find your sister still living! What a delight it will be to me to minister to her wants!"

Bettie now spoke. "I must go also," she said. "I will nurse her in the place of my poor dear mother. May I go cousin Dick?"

"With all my heart, Bettie," I answered, "if your father will consent. Nothing would give me greater pleasure."

"Then I shall go," said Bettie. "Ned is going to college, and it would kill me to stay here."

"And what will poor Tompkins do?" said I, willing to divert her mind from her recent severe affliction.

"Don't name him to me, cousin Dick," she replied, with some impatience, "don't name him to me. I shall go, that's very certain. I don't think father will make the least objection." She said this with a sigh, for she felt that even the equivocal sort of affection her father had once felt for her was now almost gone; and that his house, now that her mother was no more, would hereafter be no place for her. So it was settled that they should both accompany me.

There was no end to General Worthington's kindness. Although mom Dido was the nurse of his children, and the general counsellor and comforter of the family, he insisted on our taking her with us, "For," said he, "you may need her services more than we do here. If you find your sister alive, you will bring her to us; and then you can bring Dido back. Yes, Dido must go." So that also was a settled point.

General Worthington's coachman happened to be sick at this time, but old Neptune, who, in the course of his life, had been coachman, ferryman and what not, volunteered to take his place, and the next day the family carriage stood at the door ready to convey us to Charleston. We had decided that the easiest and quickest way of going would be to take a steamer from Charleston for New York, for the country was not then intersected with railroads as it now is, and there was no steamer running regularly to any other northern port.

Our parting was rather a sad one; we had all been so happy together. And it was so uncertain whether we should all meet again on earth. I noticed that not long before we started, Ned took Mary aside and conversed with her long and earnestly. I could only imagine the subject of their conversation; from the tones of Ned's voice he seemed to be pleading as if for life; but I knew that he was pleading in vain. And when they turned away from the window at which they had been standing, and came towards us, a bright red spot was burning on the cheeks of both, and Mary's lovely eyes were swimming in tears. Many a heart in our little circle was, on that morning, stirred to its profoundest depths. Some who had the power silently folded up their thoughts within their breasts, and gave no outward visible sign of the impetuous inward current; while others, mere children of nature, gave vent to the excess of their emotions. Of this number were old mom Dido and the little children, who, since their birth, had been her constant care. They clung to her with their little arms around her neck, and cried as if their little hearts were breaking; and she, in her broken language, blessed them and prayed for them over and over again. Poor Tompkins, though evidently very much affected, behaved most magnanimously, and even said, "God bless you, Miss Bettie!" when he bade his lady love farewell. Old Neptune sat bolt upright on the carriage-box, proud of his temporary elevation; while the impatient horses pawed the ground before them as if eager to put an end to the parting scene. George tapped me on the shoulder, and taking me a little aside, begged me to beware of "that dreadful man," who, he said, was watching all our movements. "I only wish, Mass' Richard," said he, "that I was going with you, wouldn't I watch for him and spoil his game! Look out for him, Mass' Richard, you'll surely hear from him again! If Mass' Ned wasn't going to college and wouldn't be left so lonesome, I'd beg him to let me go with you, but I couldn't leave him now, that I couldn't."

Our starting was rather an alarming one, for as soon as we were seated in the carriage one of the horses began to prance and plunge at a fearful rate. Black Jude, the footman, had stepped into the house for something which had been left behind; but a boy, one of the field hands, was standing in front of the horses. General Worthington perceived that there was something amiss with the harness or bridle, and gave directions to the boy to alter it.

"Take that thing off his ears," he called out, "make haste! Don't you see something has got over his ears? What are you after, boy? his ears, don't you hear?"

But the boy stared stupidly at his master, and said "Sah!" as if he did not understand him at all.

Tompkins, who saw where the difficulty lay both with the boy and the horse, called out hastily, "Yex, boy, yex!" which, being inter-

preted, means "his ears, boy, his ears!"—when instantly the boy understood him, saw, and remedied the difficulty.

Tompkins was not brought up among the negroes on a sea island for nothing!

We were all right at last, and the carriage door was closed upon Mary, Bettie, Dido and myself, Harry accompanying us on horseback. We had sent our trunks on by a wagon.

I could see from the expression of Mary's eloquent countenance that many thoughts were busy within her. She wept a few silent tears when the carriage left the door of the house where her youthful years had been spent so happily; then, as if fearing that her sadness might distress me, she looked up and tried to smile. Then I saw her gaze up into every old stately oak as we passed through the magnificent avenue, as if they were old tried friends, and she were bidding them farewell. The long gray moss, hanging everywhere in graceful festoons, kept bowing and waving in the breeze, and seemed all the time to be bidding us good-bye, and the pine trees in the neighboring forest whispered mournfully as we passed along, or sung, in low plaintive music, a parting song. A bunch of the fragrant yellow jessamine, blooming out of season in some sheltered bower, came dancing into the carriage window, and scattered its bright, sweet blossoms into Mary's lap. This was the last touch to the picture which memory was painting to her view. She thought of her rambles in the spring-time to gather garlands of those very flowers, the pride of the Carolina woods, and how she was leaving those dear old haunts to go forth into the wide and sorrowful world; and, all at once, the fountains of her soul overflowed their boundaries, and she burst into a passion of tears. She wept so violently and so long that I thought it best to interfere, and said, "Mary, if you do not wish to go, I will return with you."

She threw up her hands with an appealing gesture, but could not speak, and Bettie, looking at me reproachfully, said,

"Cousin Dick, I'm ashamed of you! Let Mary cry as much as she pleases; I thought you knew how much good it does. I only wish I could cry so!"

Presently the storm of grief was over, and Mary looked up and smiled so sweetly that I held out my hand, which she took and pressed in both of hers.

"You don't know, cousin Dick," she said, "how much I have had to shake my nerves lately."

"Yes, I do," said I; "but I couldn't bear to see you cry so. I thought you regretted leaving your southern home."

"So I do, cousin Dick," she replied; "I do regret my delightful southern home: but hereafter, wherever you are is my home."

"And mine is where Mary is," said Bettie.

"Please de Lord we all git to de right home one ob dese days!" said mom Dido.

CHAPTER XLIV.

I WILL not trouble my readers with an account of our journeyings. Suffice it to say that, after the usual succession of steamers, railroads and stages, we found ourselves west of the mountains, at Wheeling. Here we were doomed to a severe disappointment.

The winter had been an unusually warm and open one, and we knew that we should find no ice in the Ohio river to obstruct our progress; but we were not prepared for the very low stage of water we found there. Every place where human beings could be stowed away was filled to overflowing with people waiting for the rising of the river. No steamboats were running, not even of the smallest description; and we went so far as to inspect one or two flat-boats, which were lying at the wharf, to see if we could possibly get down the river in them. We proposed to Mary and Bettie to remain in Wheeling, and let us take our chance in some flat-boat or canoe, but they stoutly refused, saying, in the first place, that there was no room for them in Wheeling, and in the next, that they could bear any hardships to which we were equal. I well knew that they were correct in this, for what cannot woman bear, and bear too with cheerfulness, for those she loves?

Our next plan was to hire a conveyance, and go by land across the country to Marietta, Ohio, where we would be more likely to succeed in getting a boat to descend the river. So we started at ten o'clock one morning in a nondescript kind of carriage, drawn by three horses, or rather, two horses and a mule. Our trunks were obliged to leave, hoping to get possession of them again at some future time. Four of us were very closely packed in the carriage, while the odd one rode on the seat beside the driver.

Our driver was a queer specimen of humanity, very talkative, and good humored, and quite inclined to take the world as he found it, and look on the bright side of things. Our road lay for the most part along the river, and those who know anything about the western country know full well that what is called a "river road" is apt to be in the worst possible condition, being never used excepting when the river is not navigable.

We had laid in a store of provisions at Wheeling, and it was well we did; for when, being obliged to stop to rest our horses, we entered what would naturally have been our dinner-house, the aspect of things was far from inviting.

By a queer coincidence, our driver's name was Toby Tompkins; and, like his namesake, he appeared to single out Bettie for special admiration.

"Which o' them ar' gals," he said to Harry, "is your'n; an' which is his'n?"

"They don't belong to either of us," said Harry; "but you must take good care of them for all that; this is a dreadful road."

"That it ar', uncommon bad; but I'll get you that safe, I reckon. Which o' them two gals do you count the prettiest?"

"Well, it's according to taste," said Harry; "I think the fairest one is the prettiest."

"Well, she ar' wonderful pretty, that's a fac'," said Toby; but somehow she looks too—too—sliney like; the way, I reckon, the angels look; I seed a pictur of a angel once't, an' it looked just like her."

"I dare say," said Harry.

"Now, the t'other one," continued Toby, "she's the sort o' gal to my mind. She looks like she could go out in the sun, an' milk the cows, an' wouldn't git burnt. An', then her hair 's so nice an' black, an' her eyes, whew! can't she look through a fellow?"

"You're destined to be Mrs. Tompkins yet," said Harry to Bettie, when he related to her the foregoing conversation. And Bettie laughed the only hearty laugh we had heard since we left Carolina.

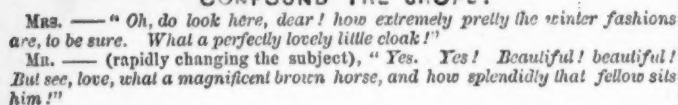
We pushed on to find a sleeping place, and came, just at dark, to a house. It looked sufficiently uninviting, but we preferred anything that was a shelter to travelling that road after dark, and though Mary and Bettie had behaved most bravely through all our reverses, I could perceive that they were growing very anxious to find a stopping place.

It was a log house, made in the usual style, with two square pens connected by an open hall, covered by the same roof. The dogs were the fiercest I ever saw, and actually frightened our horses by their violent barking. Toby Tompkins wisely determined not to leave his seat, and began to call aloud to the inmates of the cabin, which only made the dogs bark the harder. Bettie and Mary both declared that they would rather sit in the carriage all night, at the risk of freezing, than encounter those ferocious dogs, and they thought, they said, that people who kept such dogs must be very inhospitable themselves.

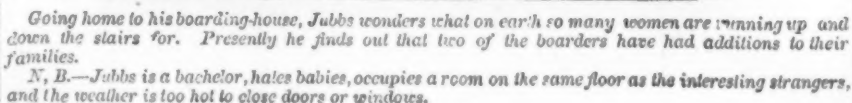
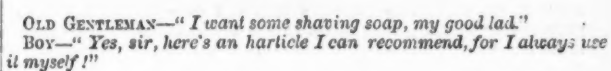
"As to sleeping in the carriage," said I, "there will be no need of that; if we cannot reach a house, we can drive into the woods, make a large fire, and sit round it; but it looks as if it might snow before morning, and that would be a little unpleasant."

"Not only unpleasant, but disagreeable, as Mr. B. Tompkins would say; not you, driver!" said Harry, "I'm speaking of another Mr. Tompkins."

"Reckon he's some kin to me," said Toby; "never came across



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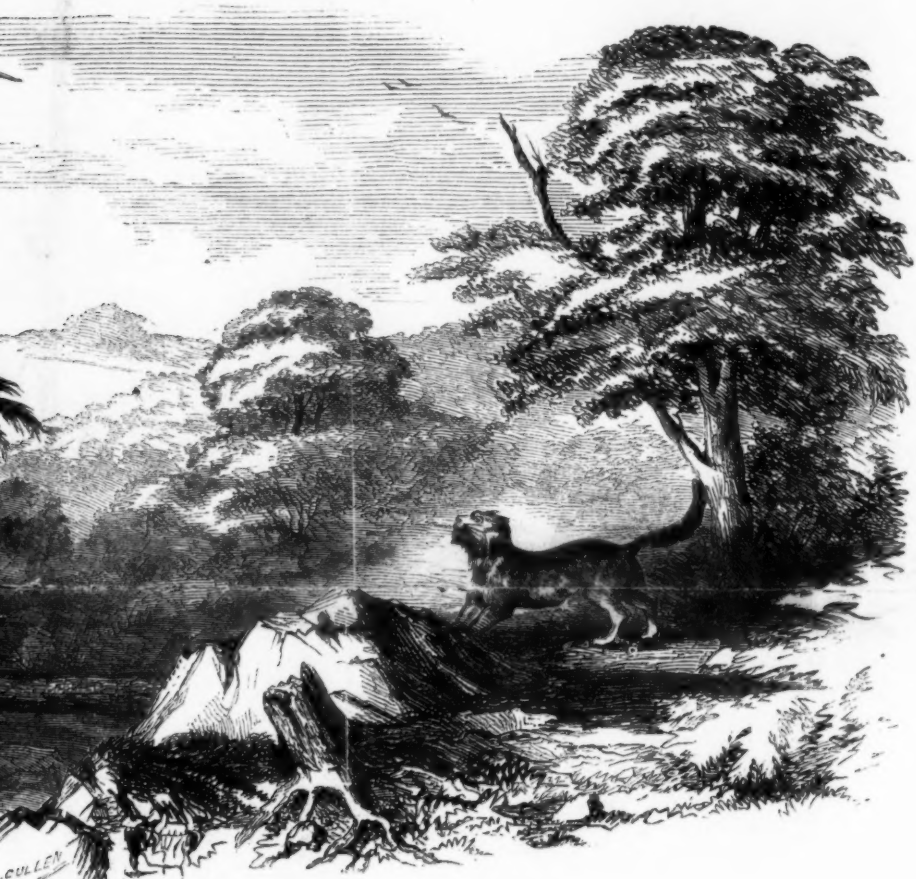
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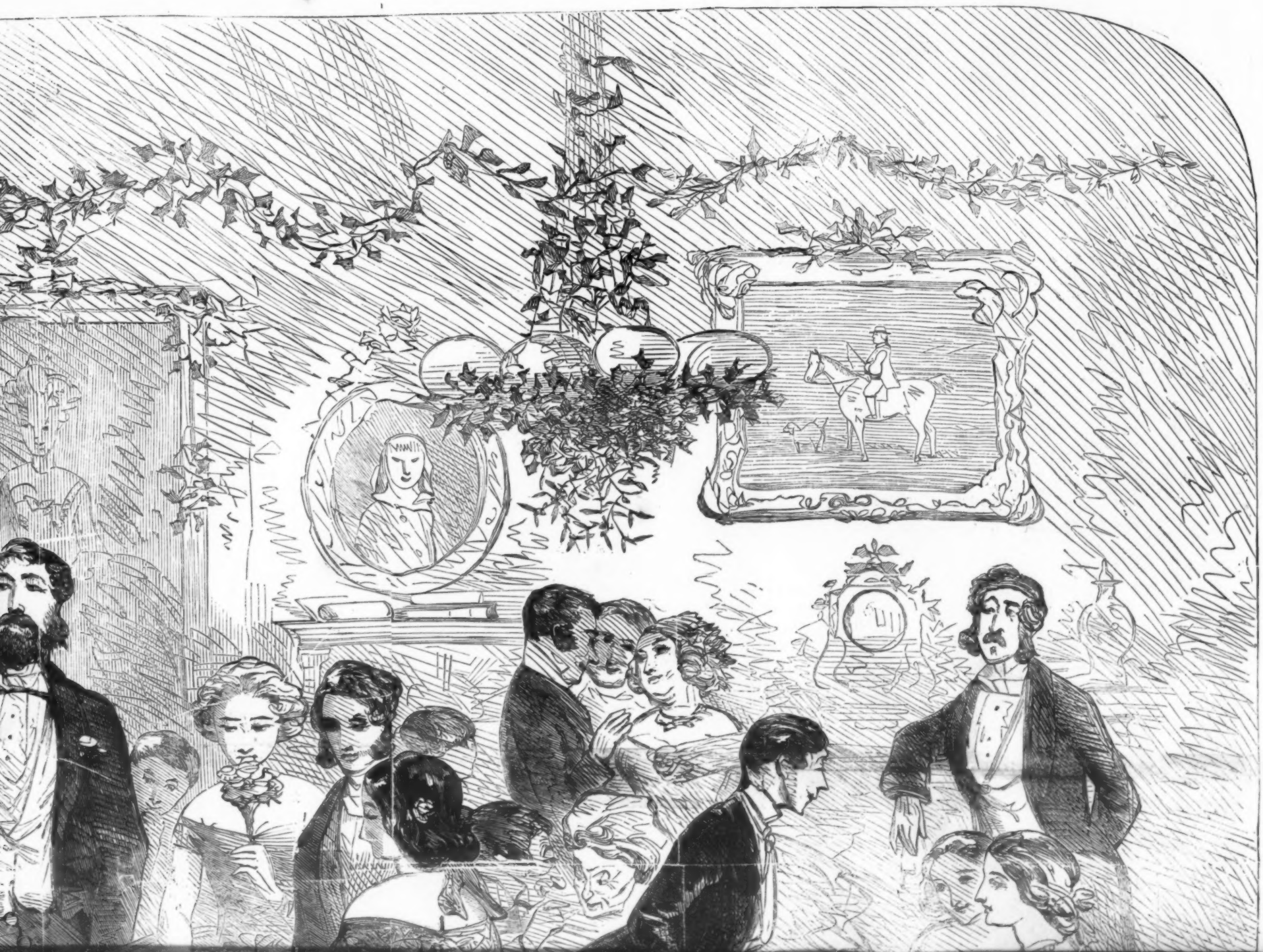
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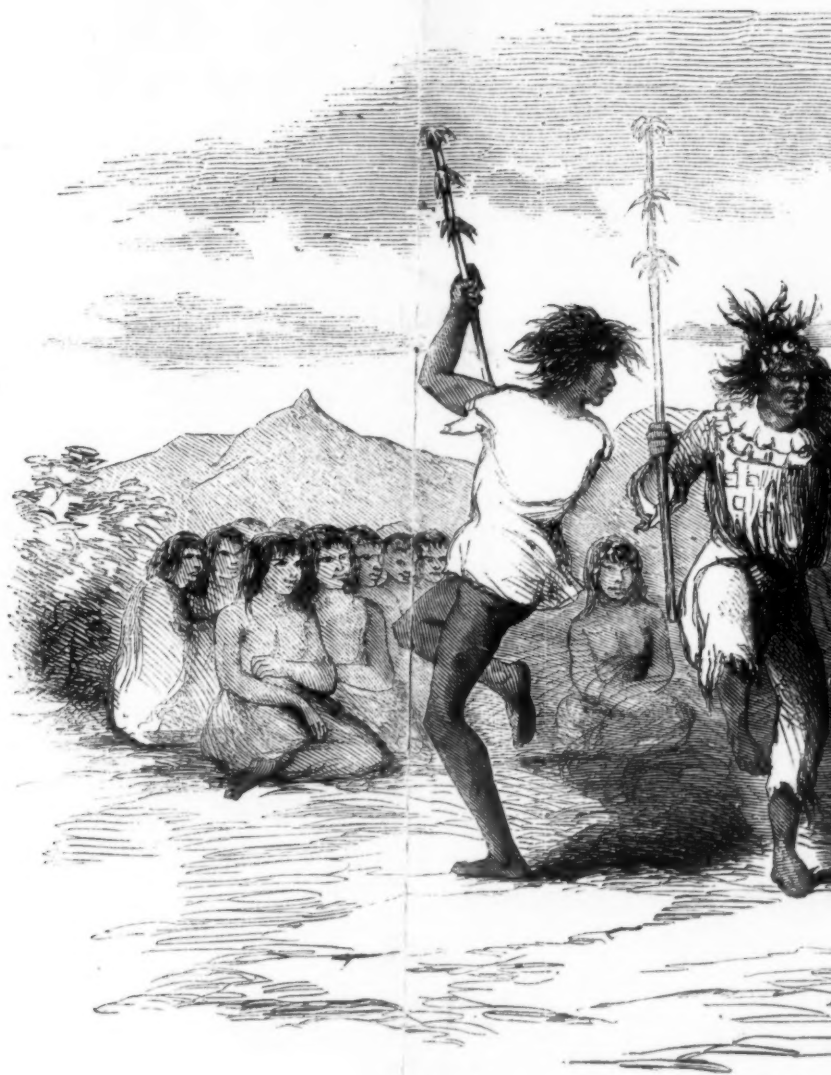




MR. BIMLEY'S WONDERFUL TERPSICHOREAN FEATS IN THE QUADRILLE AT PHIN



WM. E. EVERETT, CHIEF ENGINEER U. S. NAVY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MEADE BROTHERS.



CALIFORNIAN I



E AT PHINE MEDARY'S CHRISTMAS PARTY—DOESTICKS LOOKS ON IN ADMIRATION.



ALIFORNIAN INDIANS DANCING.

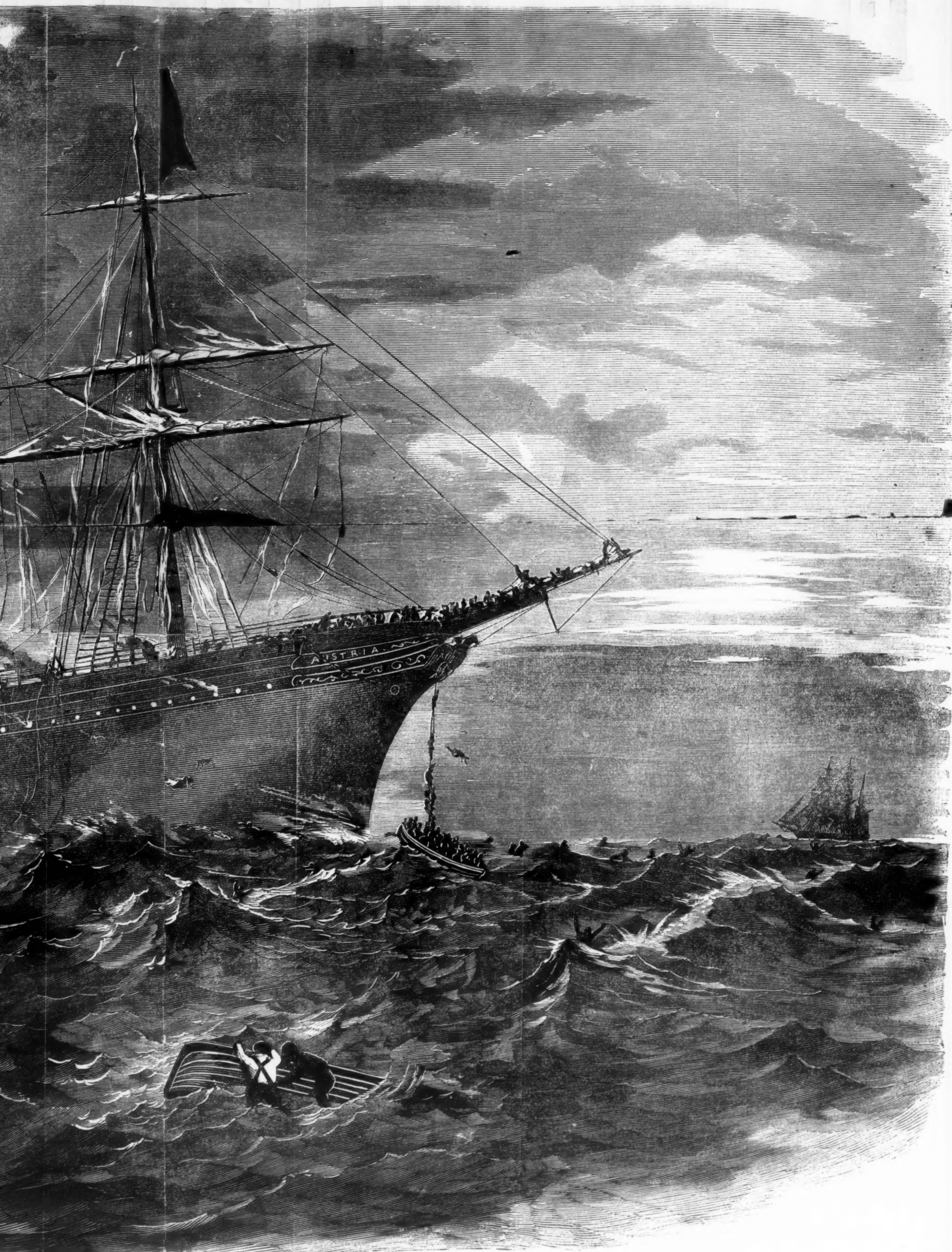


ROGER B. TANEY, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE U. S. SUPREME COURT.—PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITEHURST, WASHINGTON CITY.



DESTRUCTION OF THE HAMBURG STEAMSHIP "AUSTRIA"

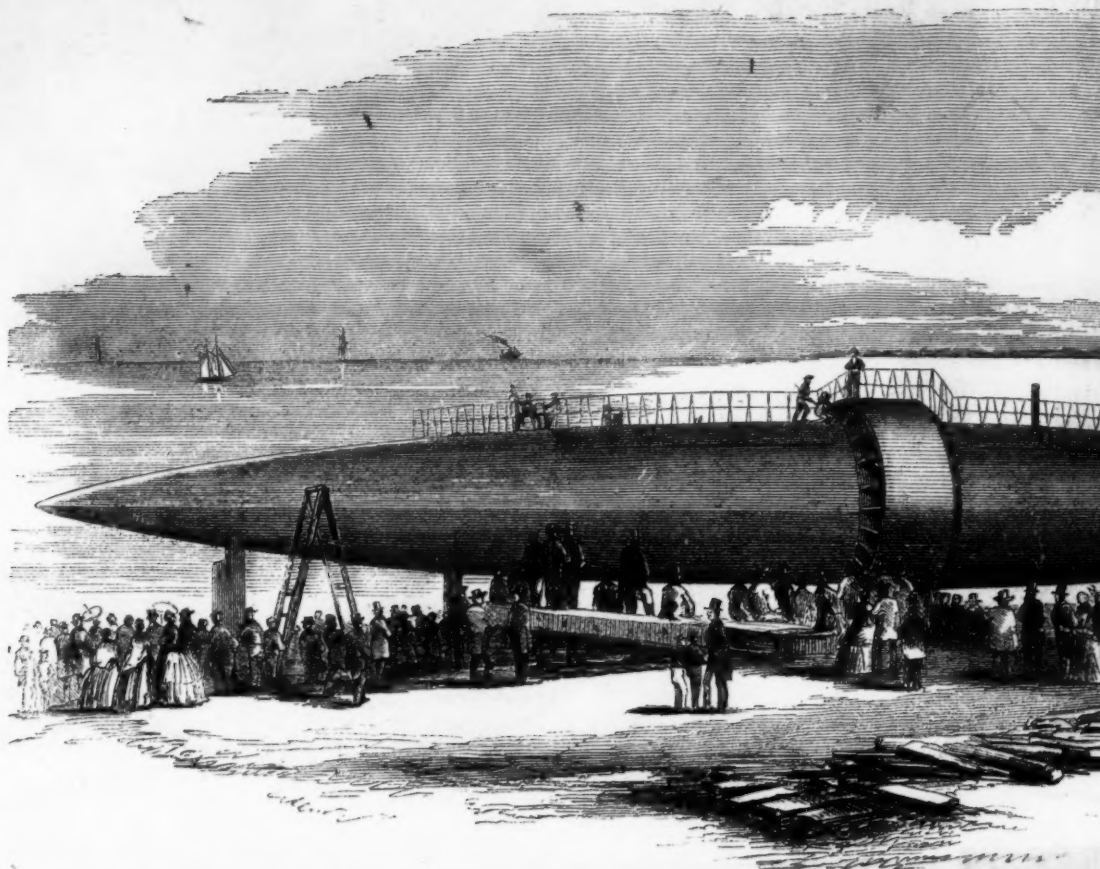
STMAS PICTORIAL FOR 1858.



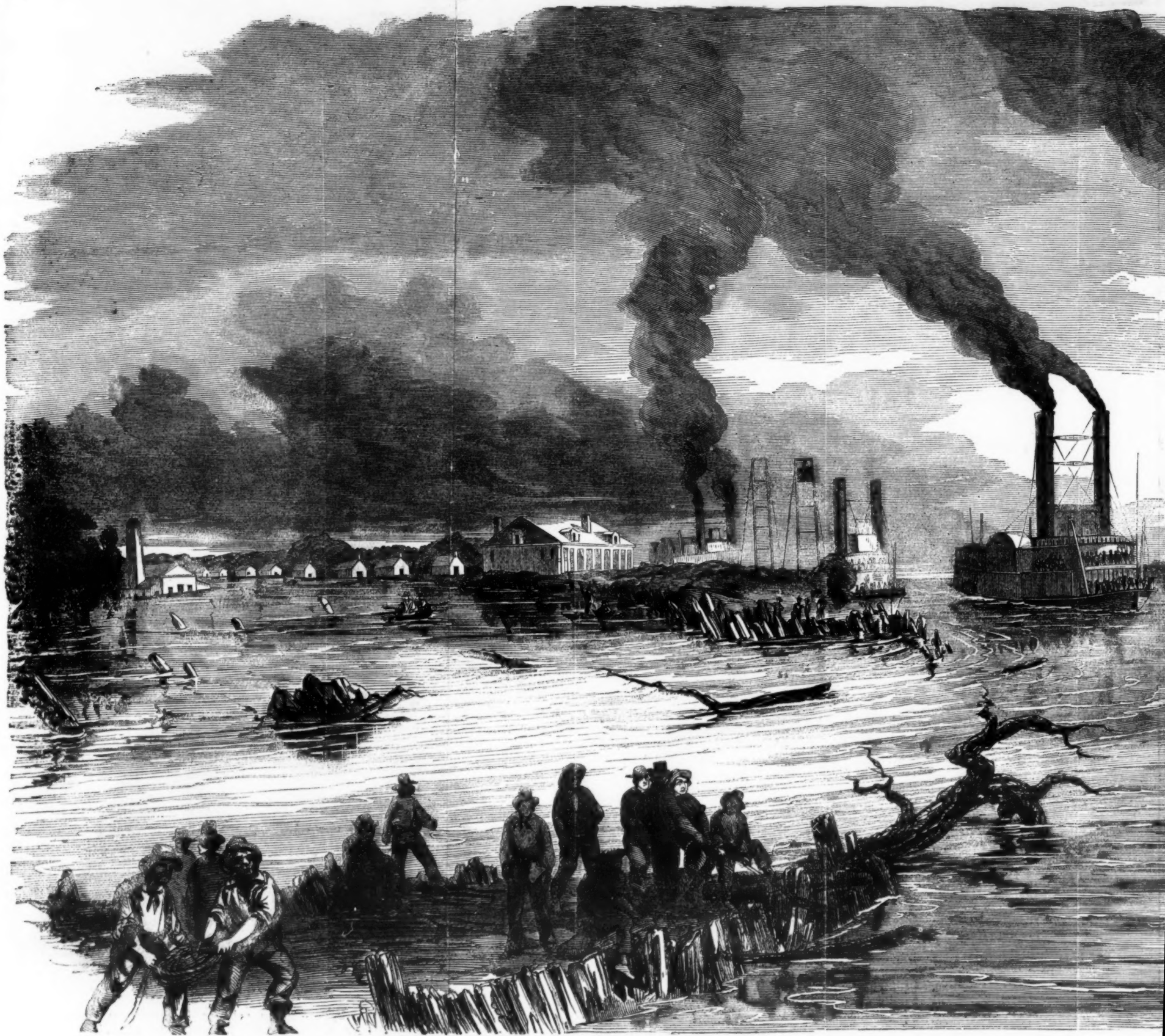
"AUSTRIA" BY FIRE, ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1858.



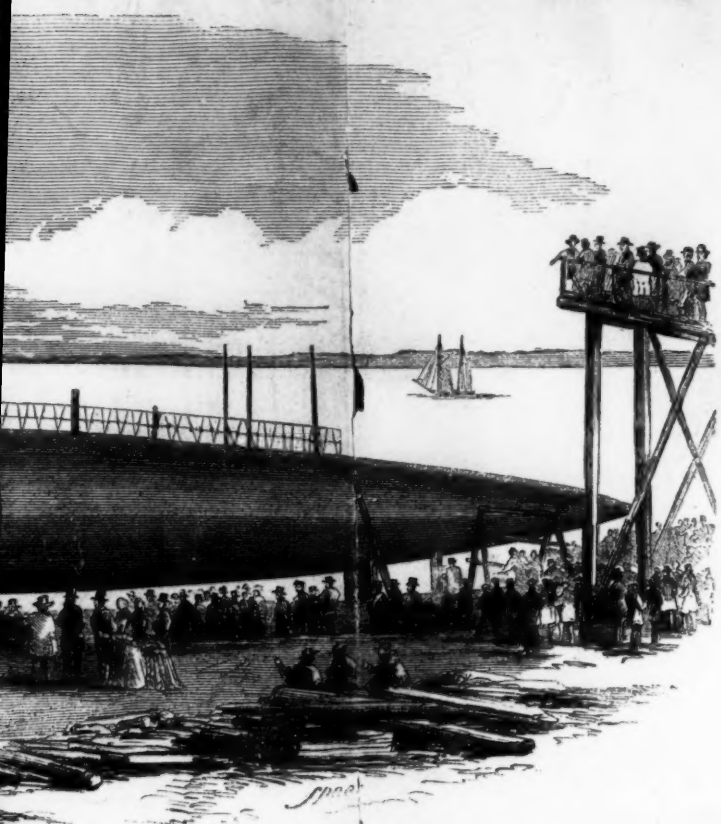
THE LATE H. W. HERBERT, THE CELEBRATED
"FRANK FORESTER."
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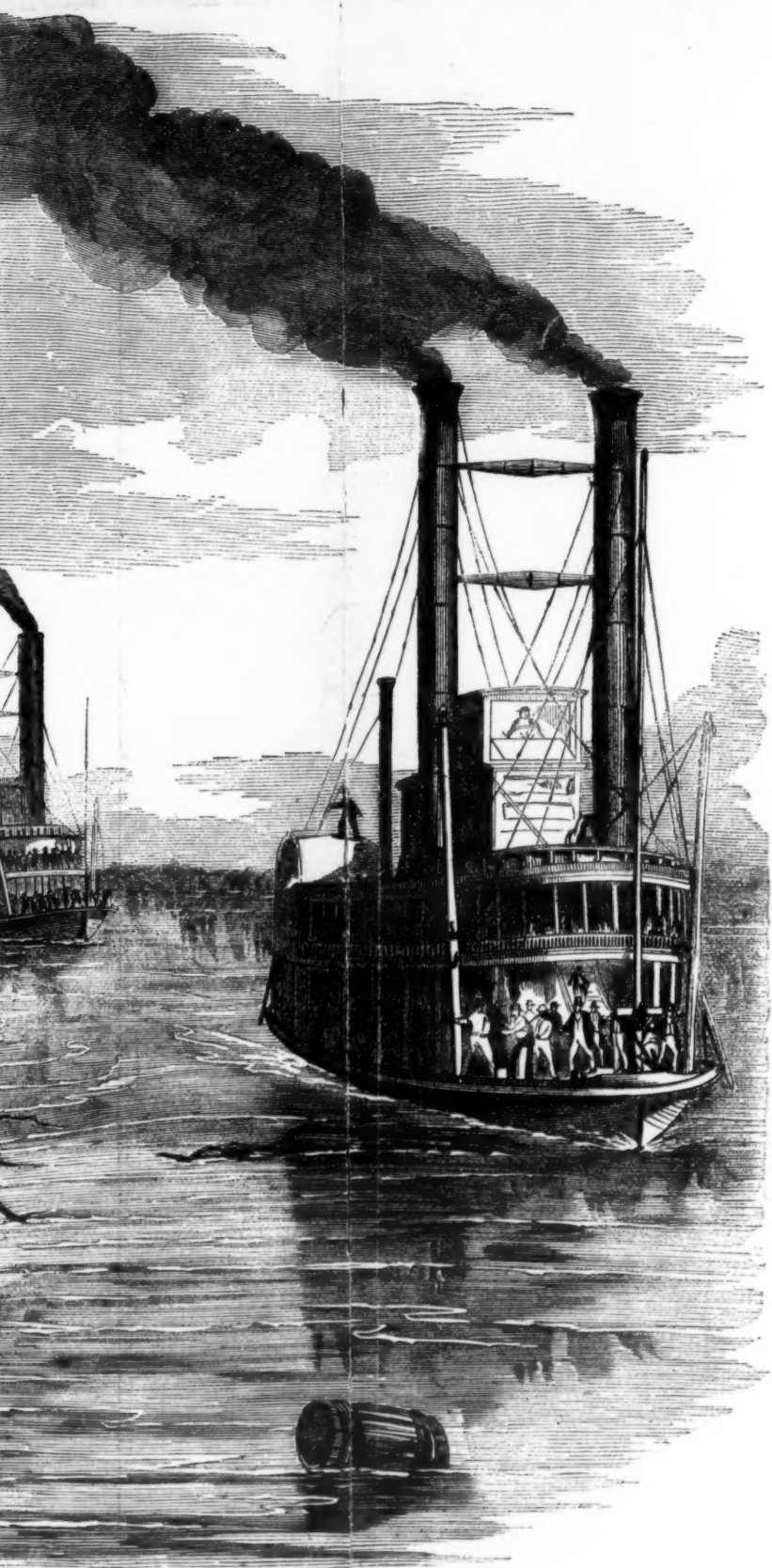
NEW STEAMSHIP. BUILT AT BALTIMORE BY MESSRS. T. & E. WINANS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MEADE BROTHERS.



THE GREAT CREVASSE OF THE MISSISSIPPI ON THE PLANTATION OF MR. BELL, NEAR NEW ORLEANS, APRIL 1



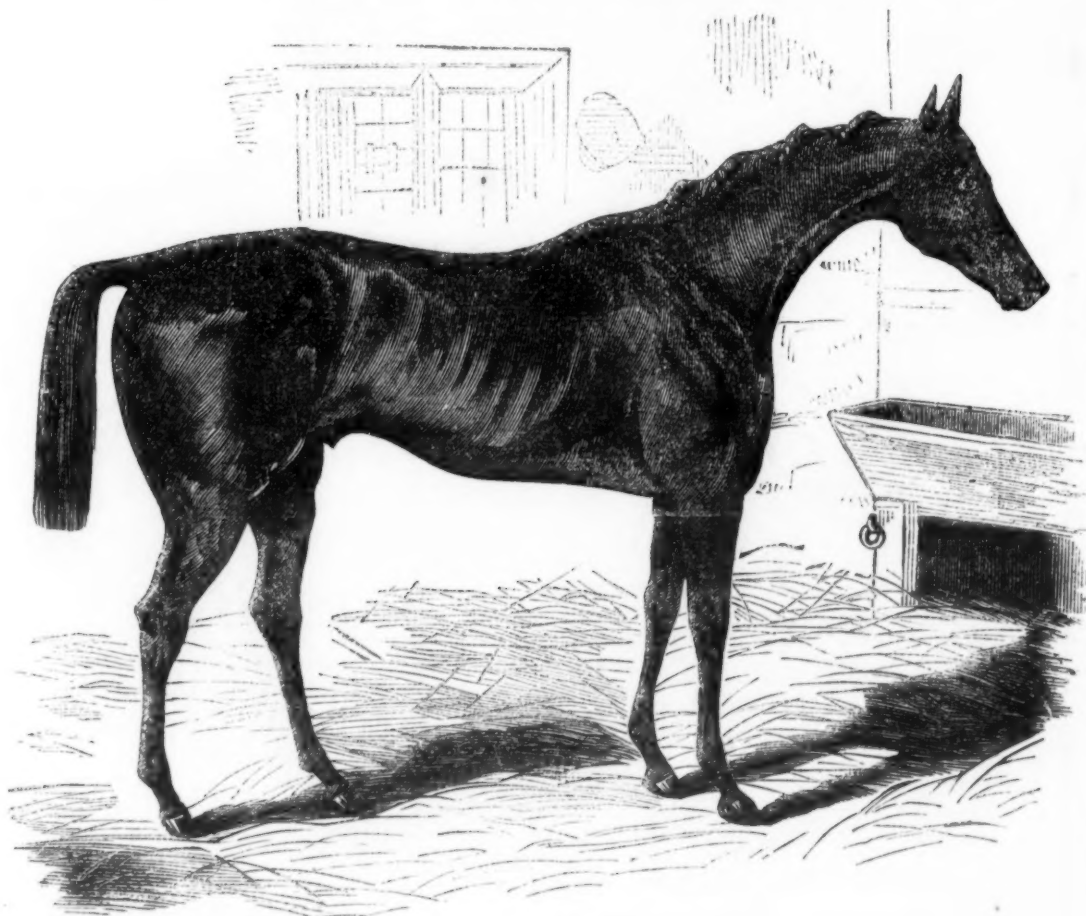
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FISCHER & BRO., BALTIMORE.



NS, APRIL 11, 1858.



MIDDLE. MARIA PICCOLOMINI.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL, OF LONDON.

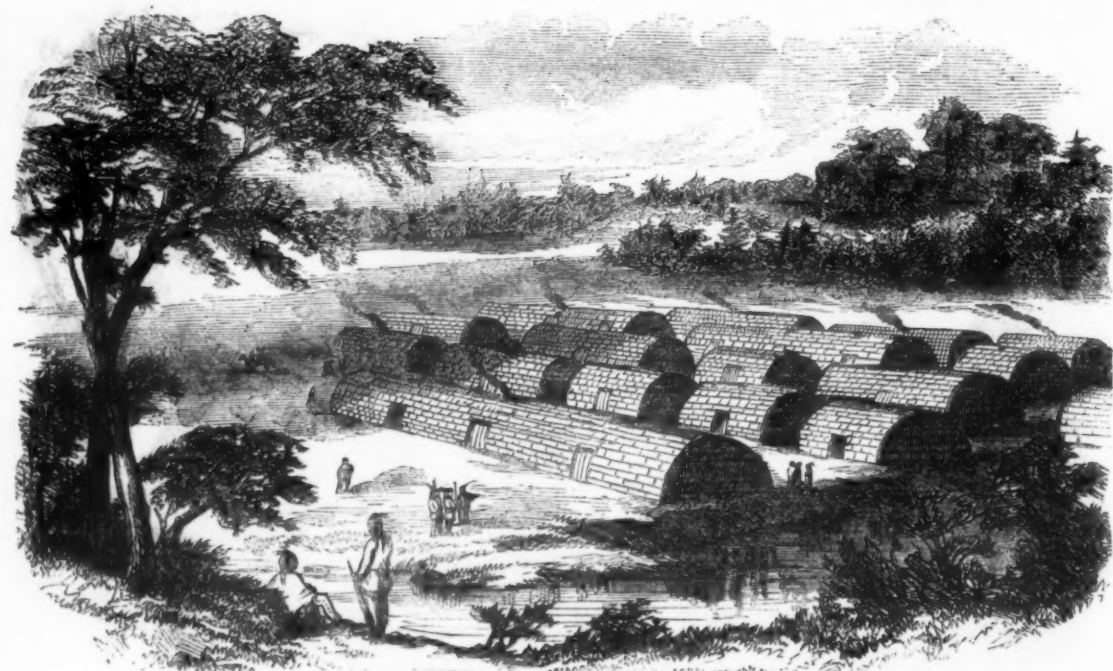


BEADSMAN, WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1858.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHRISTMAS



DOESICKS VISITS THE CHINAMEN.—SCENE IN A CHINESE BOARDING-HOUSE, 61 CHERRY STREET, NEW YORK.—DRAWN FROM



NEW YORK IN 1600, FROM AN OLD DUTCH PRINT.—FROM VALENTINE'S MANUAL FOR 1858.



MRS. BAILEY, THE HEROINE OF GROTON.

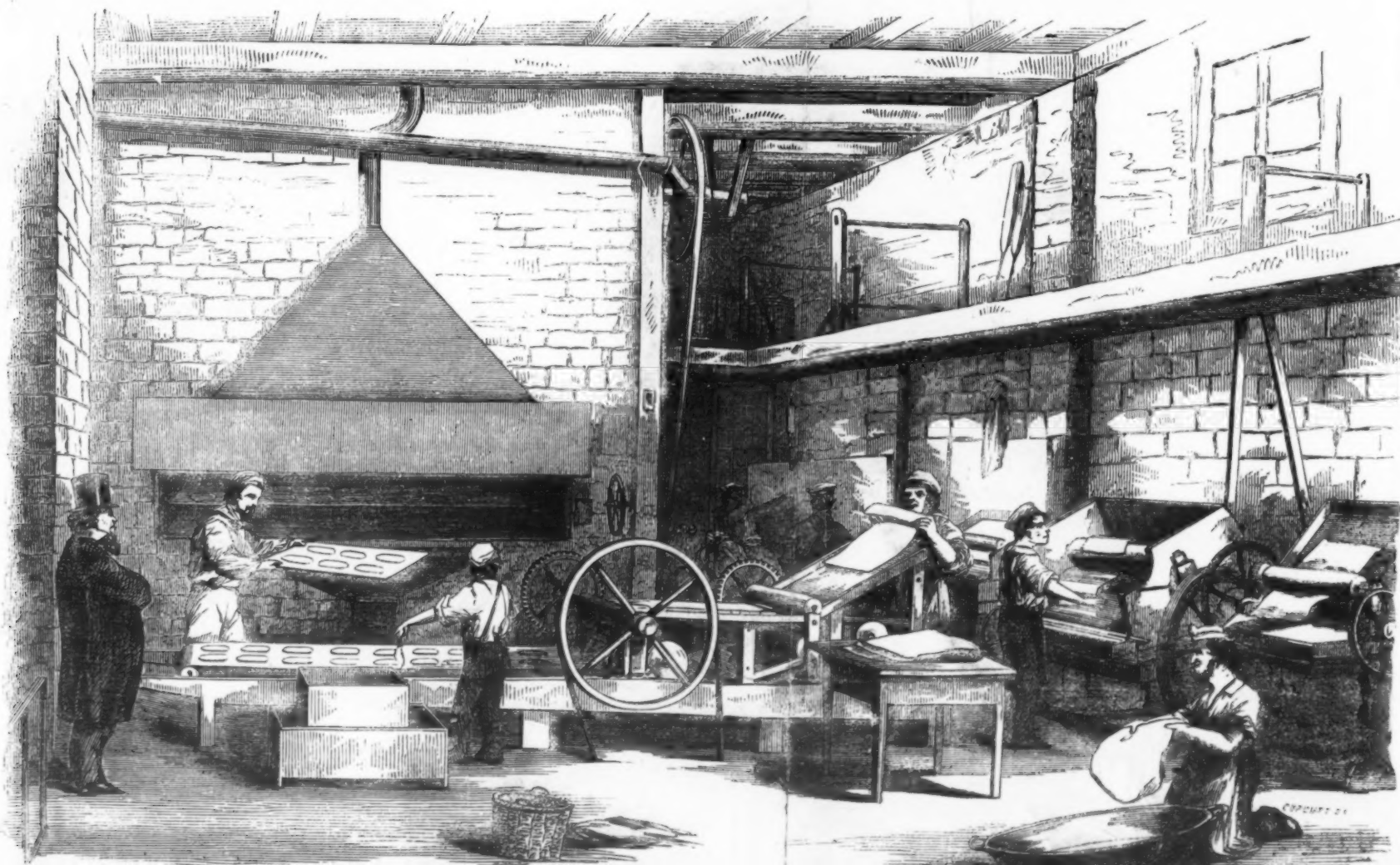


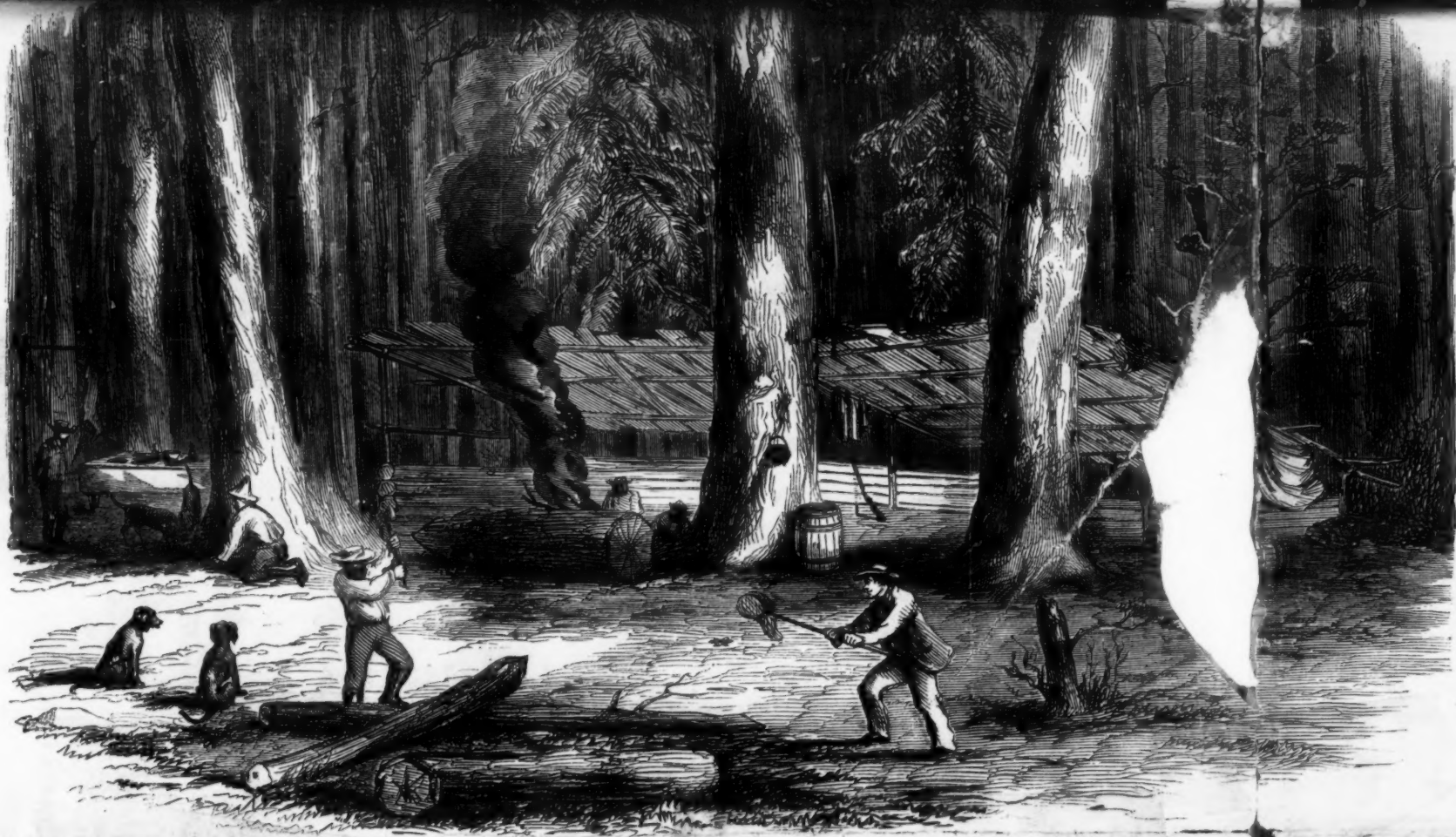


DRAWN FROM LIFE.



MADAME GAZZANIGA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.





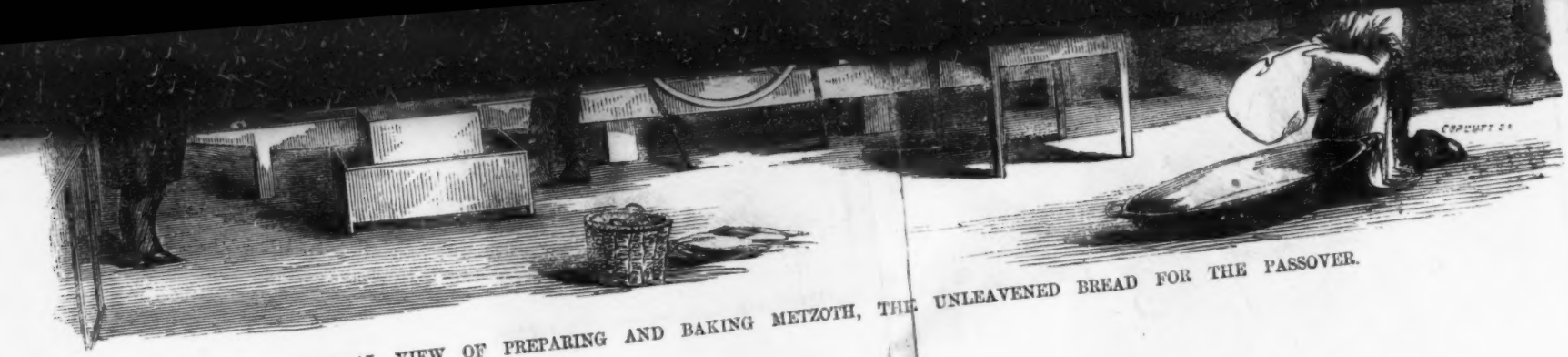
THE PHILOSOPHERS' CAMP—SHOWING HOW PROF. AGASSIZ, RALPH WALDO EMERSON AND JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AMUSE THEMSELVES IN SUMMER.



PORTRAIT OF JAMES MONROE, FIFTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE CITY HALL BY MEADE BROTHERS.



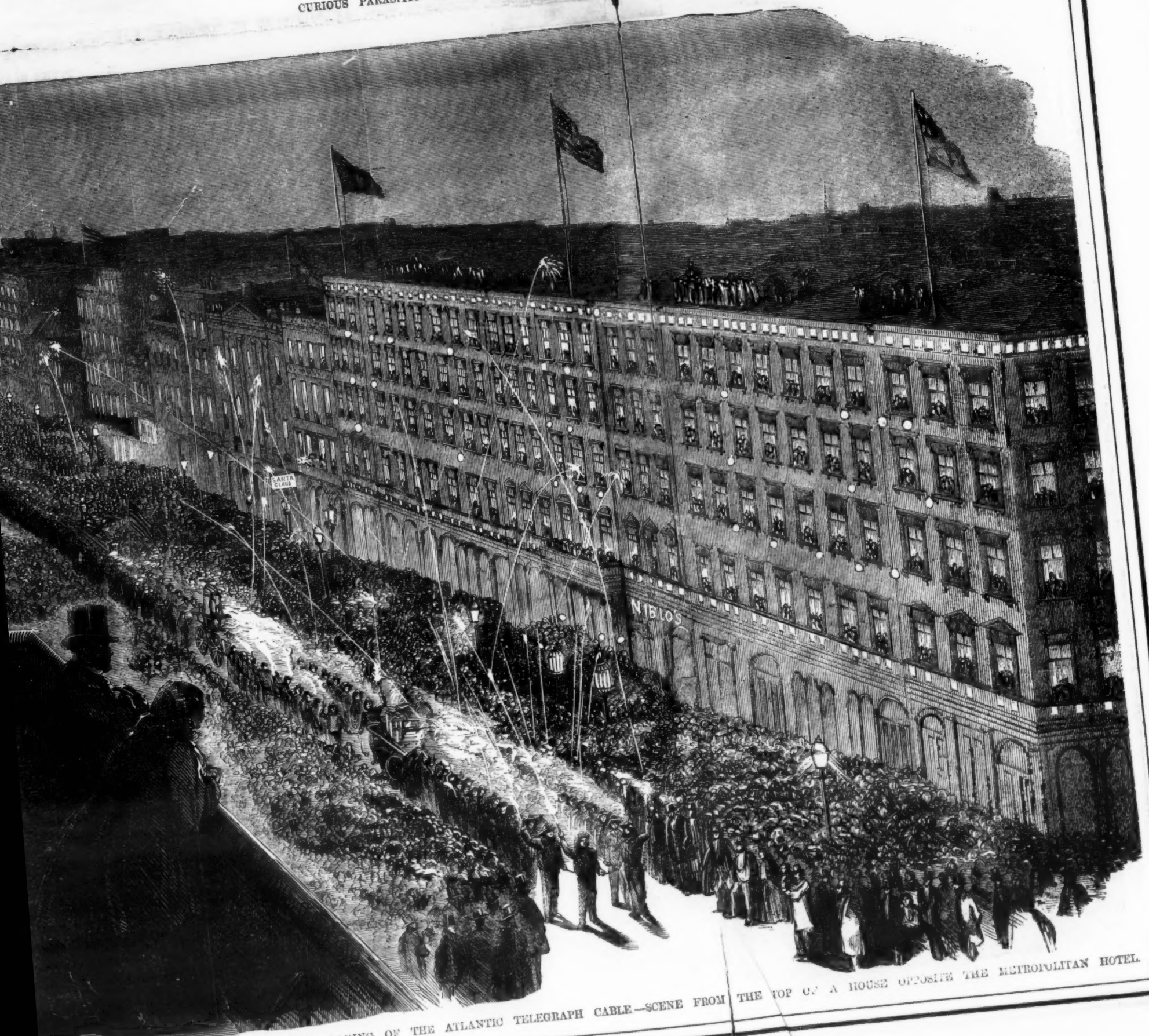
TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.



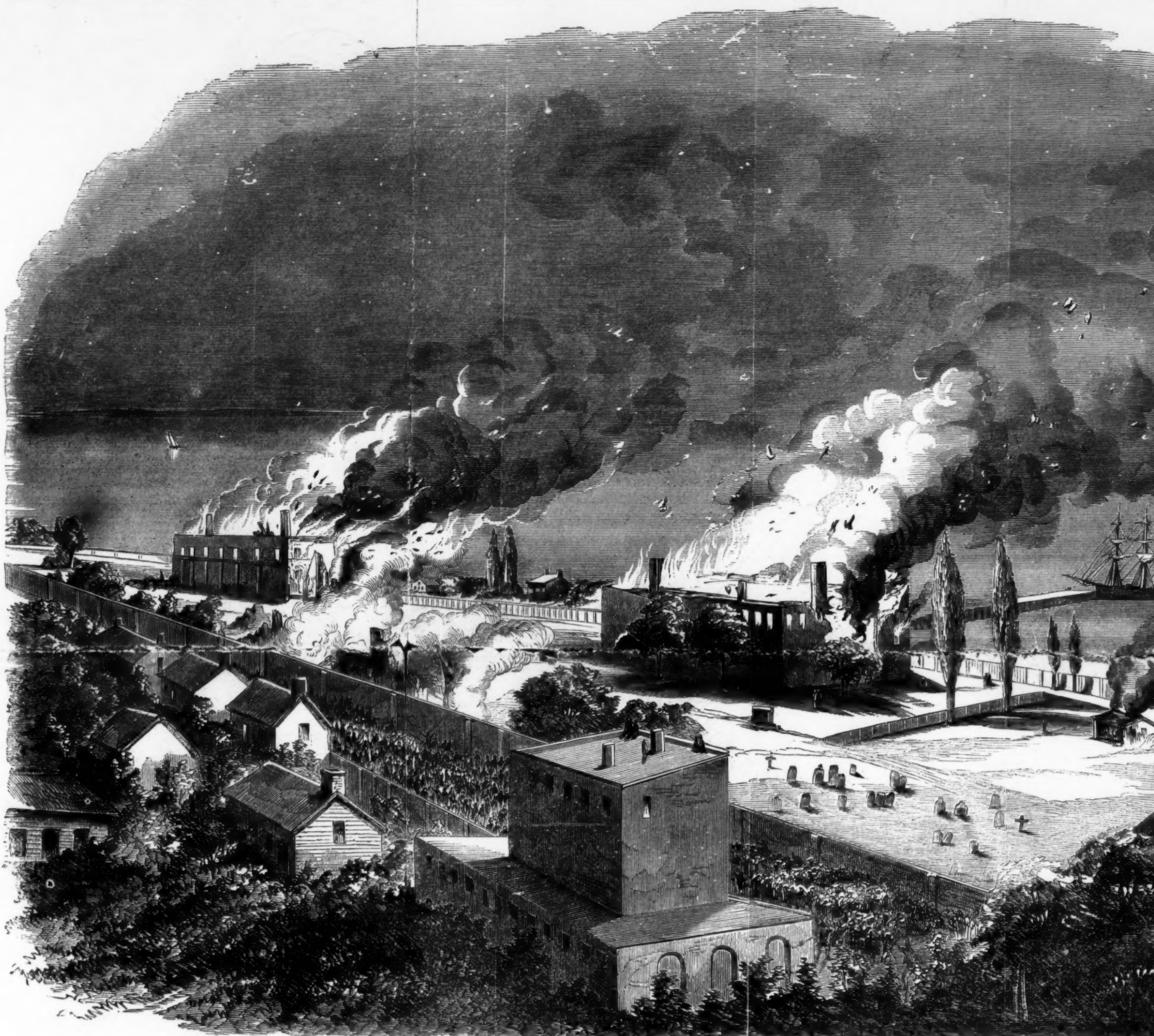
GENERAL VIEW OF PREPARING AND BAKING METZOTH, THE UNLEAVENED BREAD FOR THE PASSOVER.



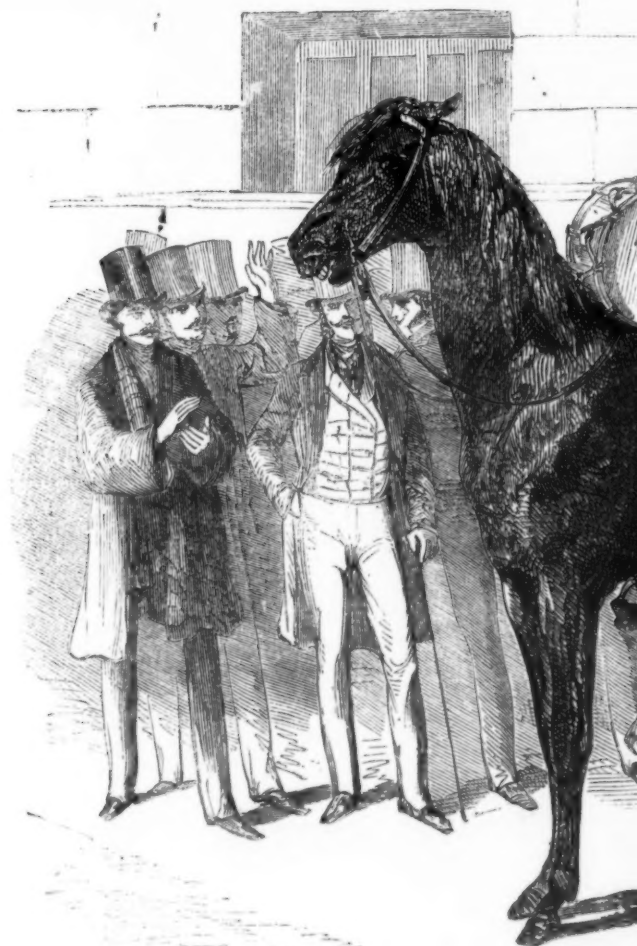
CURIOUS PARASITIC GROWTH UPON THE BACK OF A FLYING-FISH.



K FIRE DEPARTMENT, IN HONOR OF THE LAYING OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE—SCENE FROM THE TOP OF A HOUSE OPPOSITE THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL.

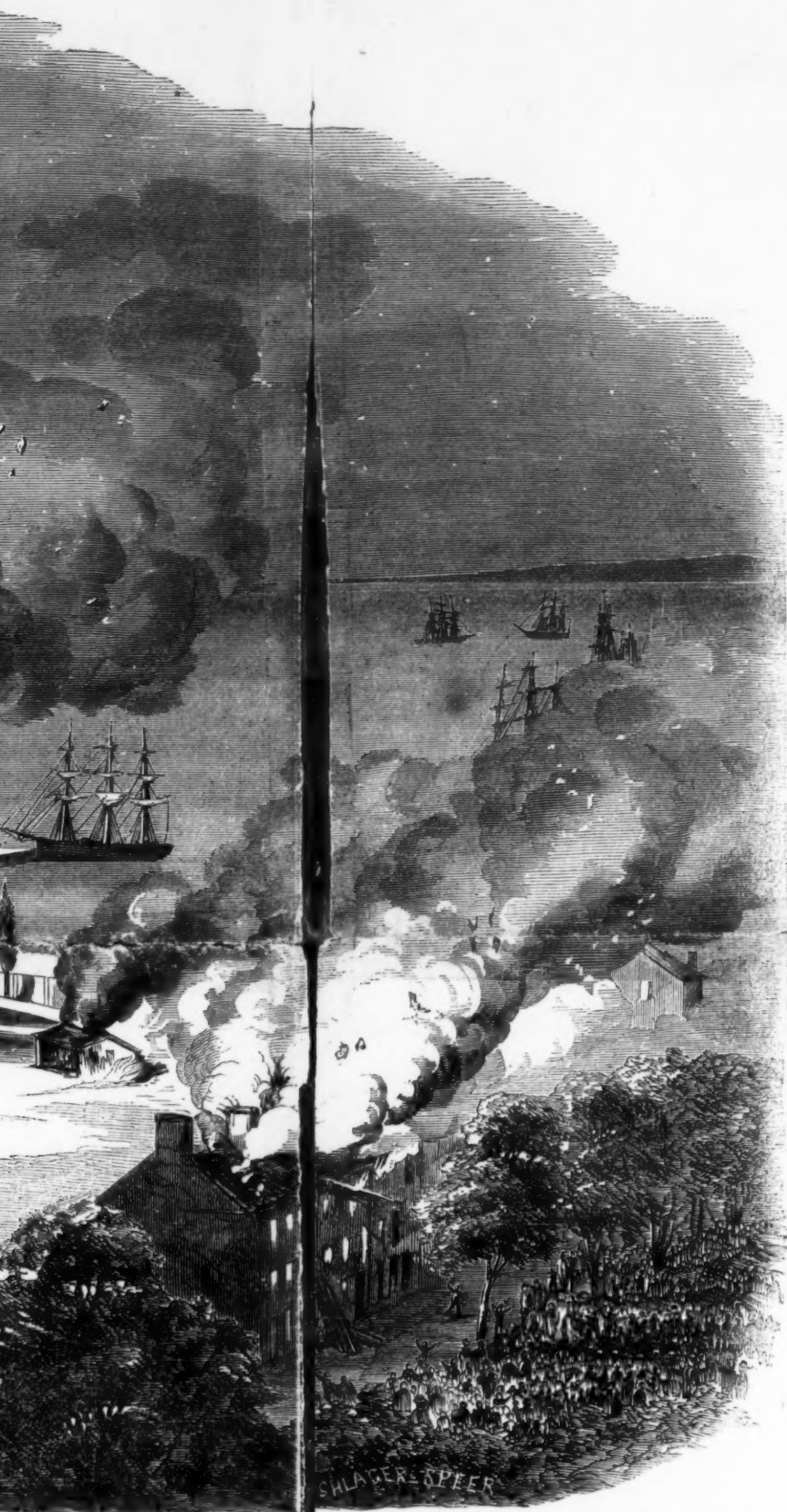


DESTRUCTION OF THE QUARANTINE BUILDINGS NEAR TOMPKINSVILLE, STATEN ISLAND, BY THE INHABITANTS OF TOMPKINSVILLE, DURING THE TELEGRAPH JUBILEE.



STAFFORD, AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

STMAS PICTORIAL FOR 1858.



TELEGRAPH JUBILEE IN NEW YORK, ON THE EVENING OF SEPT. 1, 1858.



DESCENT OF TWO CHILDREN, MARTHA ANN AND DAVID ISAM HARVEY, IN MR. BROOKS'S BALLOON, AT MOORE'S PRAIRIE, ILLINOIS.



RD, AFTER THE INTERVIEW OF AN HOUR AND A HALF WITH RAREY.



PORTRAITS OF THE YOUTHFUL AERONAUTS.

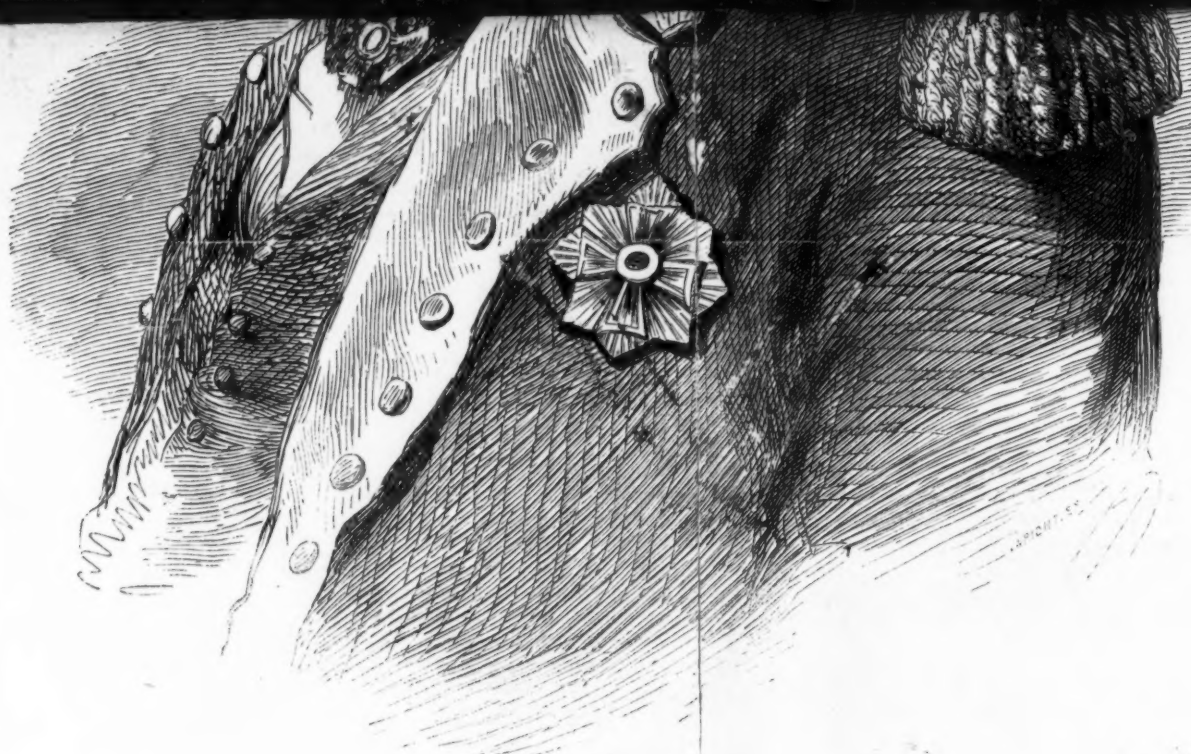
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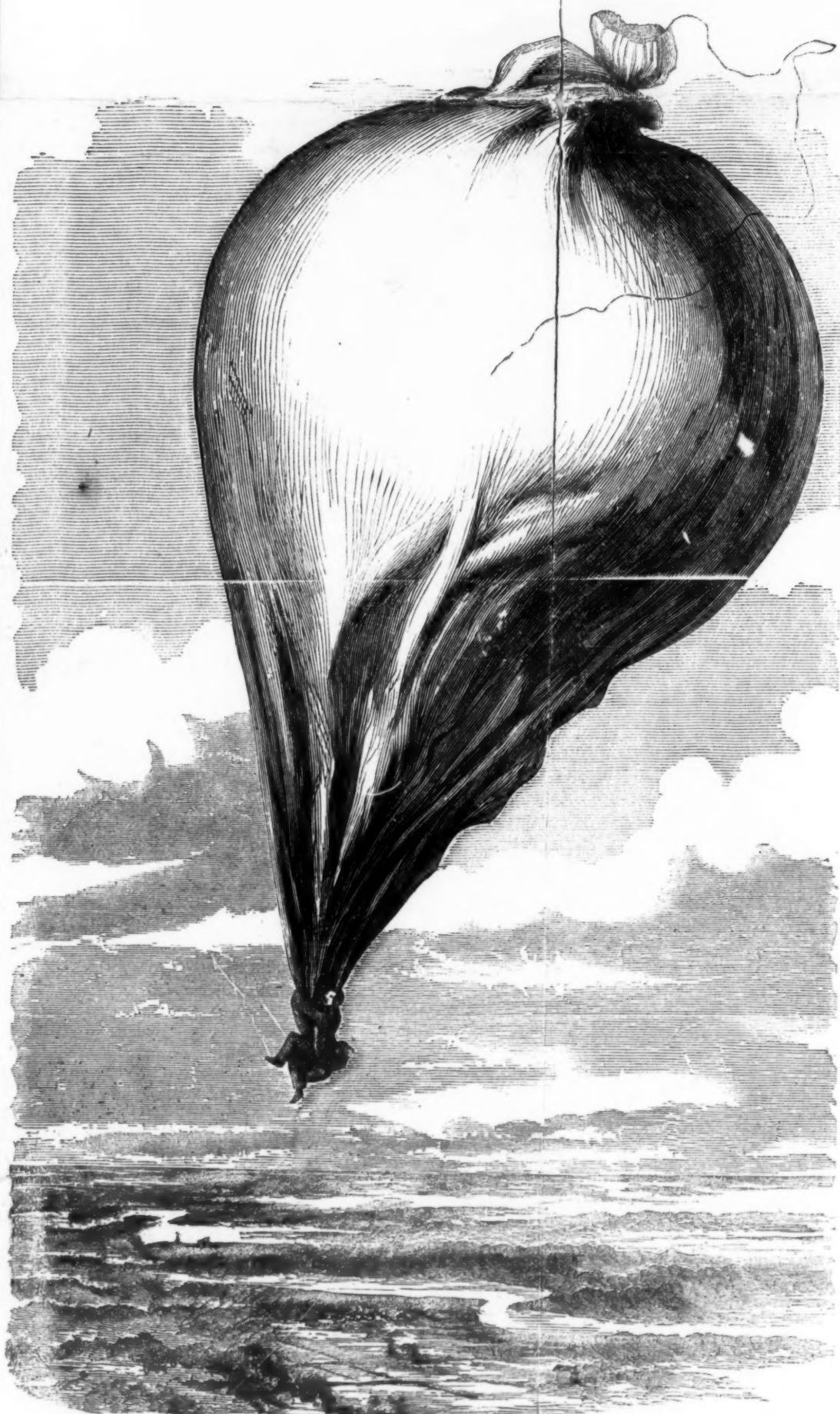
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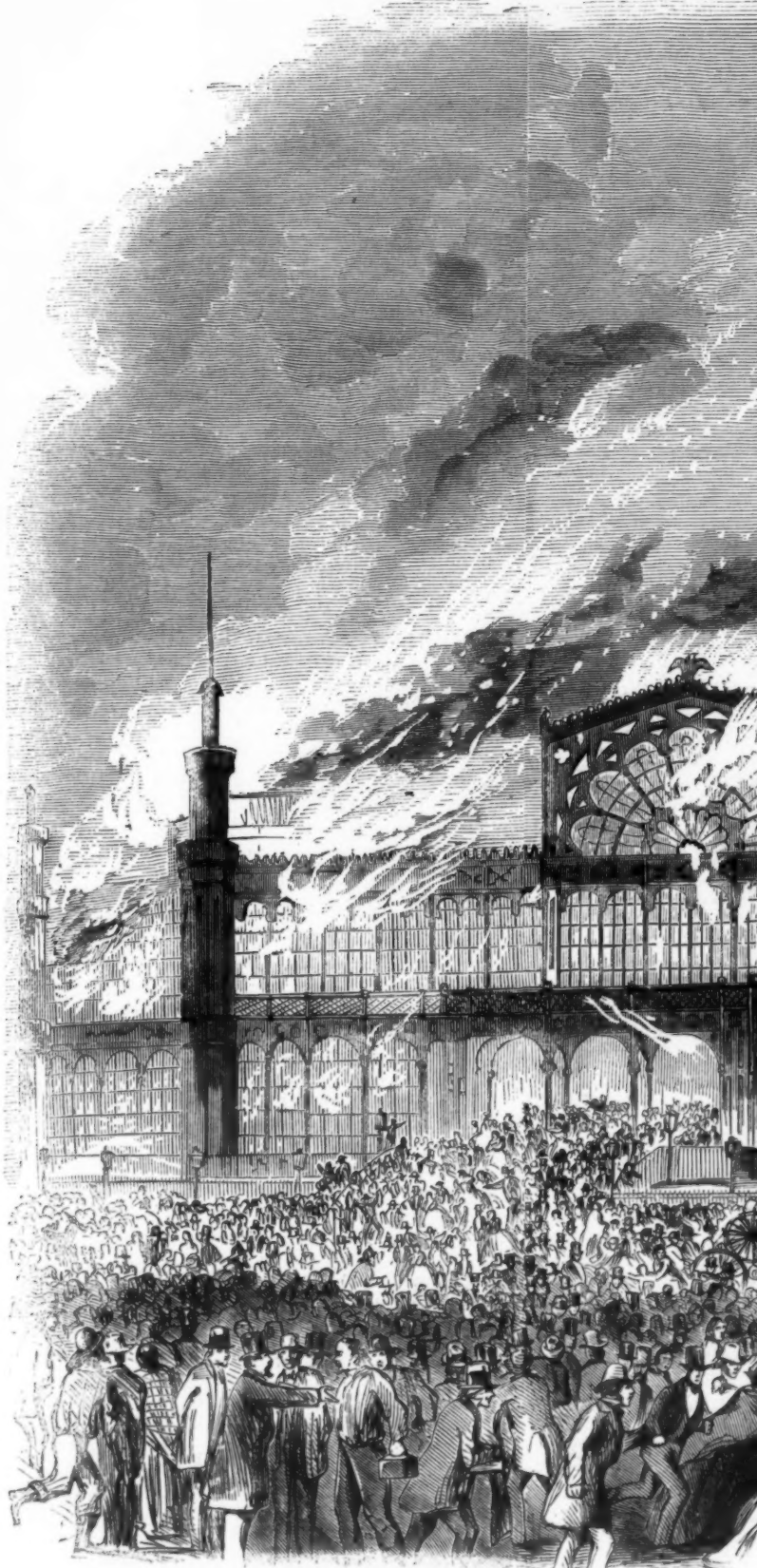
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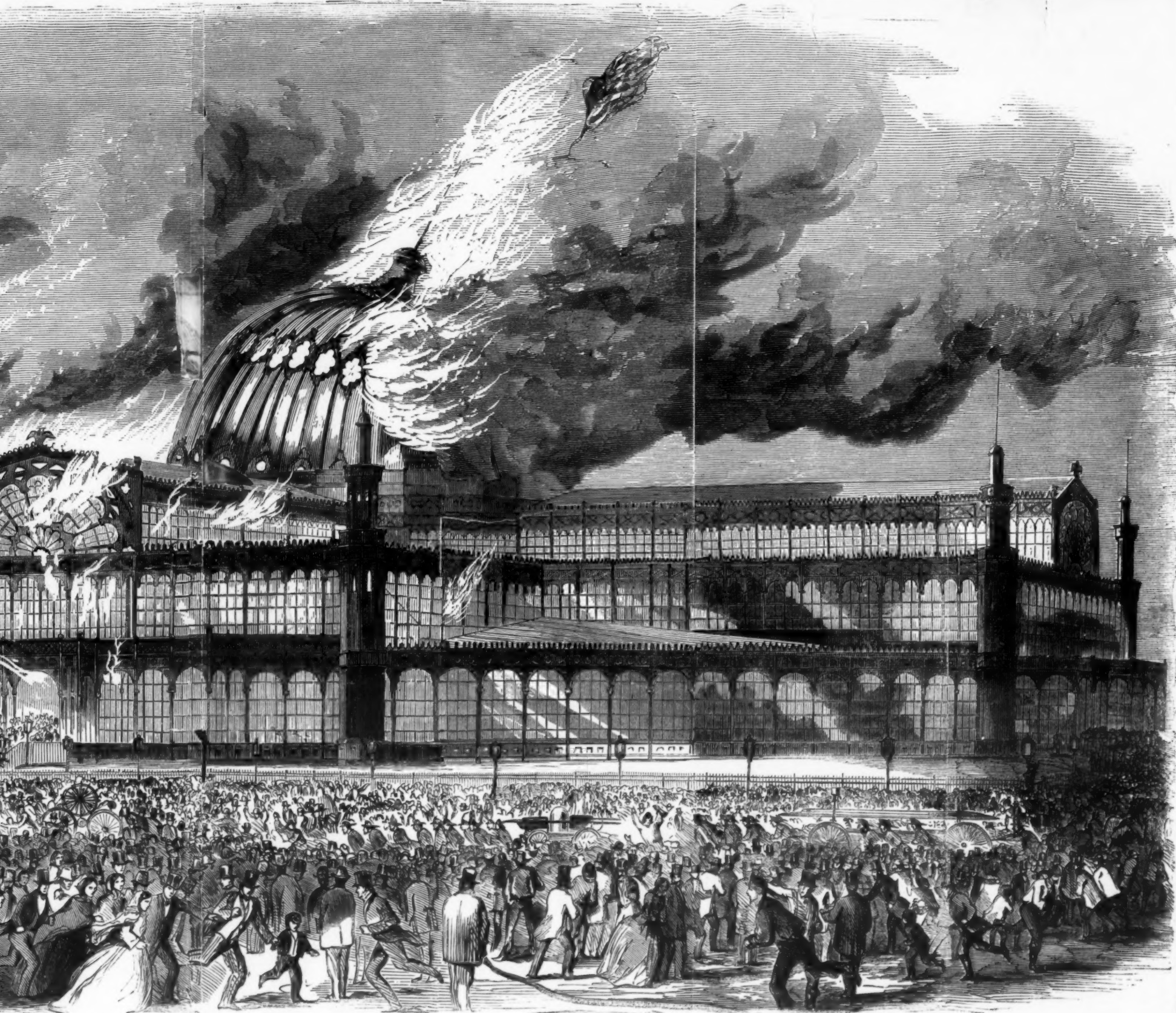
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THE OVERLAND MAIL TO CALIFORNIA CROSSING A STREAM AT NIGHT.

AWNEE NATION.



CONFLAGRATION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE N. Y., OCTOBER 6, 1858—THE DOME FALLING IN.